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Poetry.

For the BLADE.

WHICH WAS THE RICHER MAN?

DEAL P. NORWOOD.

He had what men call fame,
A goodly heritage of houses and lands,
He only an honest name,
And two brown toil stained hands.

He dwelt in crowded mart,
And with his stock and bonds communion held,
He from the busy throng apart
Counted his bonds within the soil he tilled.

One when he counted all his treasures o'er,
Saw only coffers filled with shining dust,
And one a row of rosy faces round his door,
With happy hearts brim full of hope and trust.

One to no God would bow the abject knee,
Save this his cherished idol Mammon strong,
The other saw his love in every leaf and tree,
Worshipped, adorned and praised him all day long.

Which was the richer man?
Both side by side, must moulder to decay;
Life at its best estate, is but a span,
Peasants and Princes have alike their day.

Selected Story.

DESIREE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Nearly twenty years ago an English lady and her little boy were crossing the Atlantic in one of the Cunard steamers. The lady was going to Canada where her brother lived. She was a widow; she had lost her husband a few years after their marriage. Her name was Helen Dunraven, and she had a sweet, gentle, somewhat melancholy face, as I think a woman named Helen ought to have. Her little boy was a bright-haired, blue-eyed creature. This was about the time when knickerbockers first became the garb of small boys in Europe; and little Eustice Dunraven wore black velvet knickerbockers, and looked like a tiny prince.

It was summer weather. The sea was really for once 'like glass.' One could not be sick if he tried. Mrs. Dunraven was sitting on deck one day with her boy, when she heard the patter of little feet, and a child came scampering up to her knee, and caught her by the hand. The new comer was a little maid some eight years old, with a pretty head covered with jet black hair, and a pair of deep black eyes, lustrous and lambent. The little girl's complexion was of almost tropical darkness. She was a lovely little creature, indeed, who might have stood as an infantile impersonation of Night, while the sunny-haired boy near her would have passed for a lively symbol of Day.

'And what is your name, my little dear?' asked Mrs. Dunraven, who did not remember to have seen the child before.

'My name is Desiree,' little Night replied promptly and clearly; and then went on, 'I saw you on deck and ran to you because I love you.'

'Do you, my sweet little creature? I am sure I shall you,' said Helen, kissing the child tenderly.

'Oh yes, I love you; and I love your little boy.'

The little boy was holding off rather sheepishly, after the manner of his race. In very early life the girls make all the advances, if any are made. This little girl stood fearless before the boy, and gazed at him with tender, innocent frankness, while he was somewhat shy, and looked at her timidly out of those great blue eyes. At his mother's bidding he went near the child, and gave her his hand; but she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

'Do you know us, Desiree?' Mrs. Dunraven asked.

'Oh yes, quite well; I saw you once before—the day you came on board; and now I know you again, and I ran up because I am so fond of you. I was below for two days. Mamma thought she would be sick. But I hope she won't be sick; don't you?'

'Yes, my dear, I do, indeed. Is she quite sick?'

'Oh no; but she said I might go and play; and, please may I play with your little boy? We have been in Paris. Was he ever in Paris? There are such nice dolls in Paris! I suppose he don't care for dolls! Boys don't, I suppose.'

There was a tone of resignation, almost of melancholy in this; the reluctant recognition of an essential disparity and incongeniality not to be charmed away—only perhaps to be compromised. No, he didn't care for dolls; didn't just yet care much even for little girls.

But this little girl took him fairly by storm. Before the day was half over they were warm friends. They ran all over the deck together, and tried to play that game (what is it called?) which people play on board of ship with round pieces of wood, and a thing like a crutch and a number of squares and figures chalked on the deck-planks. They ran into all manner of holes and corners, they sat side by side at meals, and shared the oranges and apples captured at desert.

Mrs. Dunraven saw nothing of Desiree's mamma. An elderly mulatto woman came and looked after the child now and then; but the mother did not appear, and seemed quite content Desiree should be left entirely to Mrs. Dunraven's care. Practically this was so. The little girl clung to Helen and her boy through the voyage as though she belonged to them; and indeed, people often wondered at the English lady's two children—the one so fair, the other so dark.

Only on the last day of the voyage did the lady whom Desiree called her mamma, make her appearance on deck.—She was an invalid apparently; she walked with difficulty. She was wrapped in shawls though the weather was warm.—Her face was somewhat like that of Desiree's, but was sallow and yellow. It was prematurely wasted and old. It was lighted by the cold fire of two stern and dark eyes that burned with a penetrating, painful keenness. The mullatto woman, on whom she leaned, brought this lady up to Mrs. Dunraven.

'I am deeply grateful, the lady said, 'for your attention and kindness to this little girl, Desiree. I am an invalid, and she is a restless, self-willed child. No nurse or servant of any kind can get any control over her.'

'Indeed? I should never have thought so,' Mrs. Dunraven replied. 'She seems to me a very docile and loving little creature. It was such a pleasure to me to have your little daughter with us during the voyage!'

'Thank you, I am much obliged. Desiree is not my daughter; she is the child of my brother. He is dead—Desiree is an orphan.'

Mrs. Dunraven sighed, and looked at her little boy.

'She calls me mamma,' the other lady continued; 'but she has neither father nor mother. I take care of her so far as I can; I am her guardian. Desiree will be well cared for, and she will make many friends if she lives, for she will be an heiress.'

There was something cold and disagreeable in her tone—a certain grating cynicism, implied in the manner more than in the words. Mrs Dunraven felt inclined to shrink from her.

'She looks like a very fine, healthy little girl,' she said, in order to say something.

'Healthy! Oh no!' the other replied, coldly; 'far from healthy! I should say she has the seeds of consumption in her. Her father and mother both died very young.'

The little boy and girl were playing on the deck at some distance, while the elders were thus talking. Mrs. Dunraven looked with greatly increasing dislike at the woman who thus so coldly cast the horoscope of the loving and lovely little child, and sought to find for her the house of death.

Poor Desiree came in for misfortune that day. She and little Eustice were missing for a long time. Two hours and more passed away without their making an appearance. At last they came running up together, hand in hand, and with an air of immense triumph and excitement to where the elder ladies were sitting.

'Look here, mamma!' the boy exclaimed, half out of breath. 'See what we have been doing! Desiree is to be my wife, you know, when we grow big; so that we may be sure to know each other again, I have done my name—the letters of it—on her arm, and hers on mine. Tom, the steward's boy, got us the gunpowder, and it did not hurt a bit—at least, not much, you know. I liked it, and Desiree stood it like a brick! See! there it is—'E. D.' on her arm, for Eustice Dunraven, because she belongs to me; and 'D.' on my arm for Desiree, only 'D,' because Desiree doesn't quite remember her other name, and I don't know it; but 'D.' will do well enough, won't it, mamma?'

And the boy pulled up first Desiree's sleeves, and then his own, and showed the work of his hand in triumph. He actually had tattooed the identifying mark in his rude little letters on their arms.—He had seen and been immensely delighted with the tattooing performances of some of the sailors, and he thought the finest thing in the world was to employ the process as a love mark between Desiree and himself.

Desiree's 'mamma' positively flamed with fierce, sudden, unintelligible anger. She loaded the poor little girl with harsh and bitter words, and struck her two or three sharp blows in the face. Little Eustice's eyes burned with anger, and his fat, round fists clenched. Desiree never cried, or even winced. The punishment over, her guardian rose from her seat without a word to Mrs. Dunraven, and despite her invalid condition, hurried down stairs.

The parting of little Desiree and Eustice was a dismal piece of business. The poor children clasped each other and cried. Mrs. Dunraven found her own eyes wet as she looked at them. She made an effort to obtain the address of the little girl's so-called 'mamma,' and when the 'mamma' herself appeared on deck for the last time, the steamer being actually in the dock, Mrs. Dunraven went over to her, made an effort to be warm and friendly, expressed a hope that they should meet again and tendered her card. The other lady was cold and constrained. She said, 'We are going South; we seldom come North; the climate does not suit me or my husband and children—or Desiree. But she gave her card which bore the name of 'Mrs. Angelo Ryland, New Orleans.'

A hurry ashore, a rush for luggage, a carriage, a flash of Desiree's eyes, and the parting was over.

Mrs. Dunraven and her boy went to Canada. She was to keep house for her brother, who was a widower, as she was a widow, and had young children.

I will not venture to say whether it is possible for a little boy of twelve to fall in love with a girl of eight—to fall in love with her so that the feeling survives long separation, and abides with a tenacity of vital power which seems unconquerable. But it is certain that little Desiree had so deeply impressed Eustace Dunraven that the memory of her was always with him. For a year or two he kept incessantly harassing his mother with petitions and prayers to be taken to Desiree. Then, as he began to have a clearer intelligence, and to understand that thousands of miles can separate loving hearts, he implored and petitioned no more; but he thought of Desiree all the same. Mrs. Dunraven listened to his occasional talk of Desiree with a keen pain and sadness; for she had learned something which she would not tell as yet to her son. One day she happened to see an old copy of a New Orleans paper at the house of a friend, and turning listlessly over its pages, she was shocked and grieved to see in the list of deaths the name of Desiree Constant, aged nine years and three months, at the house of her uncle, Angelo Ryland, Esq.

So she was dead, then, and the cold, sharp faced aunt was right after all! She was dead, the beautiful, bright eyed creature, in whom life seemed so exuberant and so silent! Never had Mrs. Dunraven seen a creature who appeared to have been gifted with such life power; and now she was dead! Those lustrous black eyes were closed forever; never would the brilliant, noble-hearted woman be seen on earth whom Mrs. Dunraven had mentally looked on when she contemplated the future of little Desiree. Dear, lost little creature! Earth, lie light upon her graceful, winsome form!

Mrs. Dunraven resolved that she would not yet tell her boy of the death of his quondam play-fellow. When the distinctness of his memory should have worn itself away, then she would tell him; not till then.

Two years after their arrival in Canada, Mrs. Dunraven and Eustice paid a visit to some friends in New York. One day, as Mrs. Dunraven was coming out of a book-store on Broadway, Eustice clutched her dress, and cried, 'Oh, mamma, look, look—Desiree!' Then he ran two or three paces on, and cried out, 'Desiree!'

Mrs. Dunraven looked in the direction which the boy's gestures and movements indicated, and she saw a carriage driving on, and there was a child's face seen for a moment at the window, which did certainly seem to resemble that of poor, lost Desiree. At least it was the face of a dark-eyed child, with clustering dark hair; and the child did seem to be looking eagerly back. But that fact was easily to be explained. The child, who probably bore some little resemblance to Desiree, was doubtless attracted by Eustice's sudden gestures. The whole incident was piteous and pathetic. Mrs. Dunraven's heart was keenly touched by the mournful expression in the face of her boy, as, disappointed, he came back to her.

'Well, dear,' she said, 'you were mistaken?'

'Mistaken! Oh, no, mamma; it was Desiree. I wonder she did not stop the carriage! Perhaps now I shall never see her again. Why did she not stop the carriage?'

'But, Eustace, my child, it could not have been Desiree.'

'Mamma, don't you think I should know Desiree? Besides, she saw me and knew me.'

Mrs. Dunraven shook her head sadly. She saw no use in pursuing the discussion any farther. Poor Eustace was quite perplexed and miserable all that day. Indeed, the holiday in New York was spoiled for him. There was something wonderful in the hold which the dark-eyed child had on the boy. You might have thought he was a full grown lover yearning for a lost mistress. At last his mother thought it right to tell him what she knew. The certainty of the worst seemed to her less likely to be wasting and injurious than the pressure and excitement of a barren hope. So she gently but firmly broke the news to him that Desiree was dead. He flushed all red with horror at first, and his lips and hands trembled; but then he broke out with the words:

'Mamma, it isn't true. It was a mistake of the paper, or it was somebody else of the same name. But it was not Desiree! I saw her that day in Broadway, and she saw me. Desiree is alive and I'll find her yet!'

Mrs. Dunraven wrote a letter to Mrs. Angelo Ryland, New Orleans, reminding her of their slight acquaintance on the voyage from Europe, and of the affection Eustace had formed for Desiree; and asked if it was true that the dear little creature was dead. After the elapse of some weeks she received the following answer:

'MY DEAR MADAME:—I well remember our too short and slight acquaintanceship, which might have ripened into something closer but for my invalid condition. I shall never forget your kindness to the beloved child who is now an angel in heaven. It is too true that Desiree Constant has been long since removed to that better land where those whom her loss has bereaved may yet hope to find her. To me, who loved her as dearly as if she were my own daughter, there can be no earthly consolation for the decree which has carried her off, but to which, however, as in Christian duty bound, I endeavor unrepiningly to bow. I remain, dear madame, with warm regard, yours ever,

CLOTILDA RYLAND.'

Mrs. Dunraven thought there was something singularly repelling about the tone of this letter.

'She never loved the dear little child; she was glad of her death, because probably she got some money by it," was her exclamation; but then the good woman checked herself, and said: "I have no right to judge her thus. After all, it would be cruel to suppose that a woman did not love a child or mourn for its death merely because she was sometimes harsh to it in its lifetime.

She told her son of the letter, and even read it to him. He burst into a passion of tears, but even amidst the tears he exclaimed:

'O, mamma, I don't care; I don't believe it. I saw Desiree in Broadway that day, and she is not dead!'

Nine or ten years went over and Eustace Dunraven was a rising young physician, settled in New York, his mother living with him. He had been attached to the army, had served through the war, had been in New Orleans, and had stood by the grave which a marble monument described as the last resting place of Desiree Constant, aged nine years and three months. He had looked at the grave with tenderness and sadness, remembering the fervor of his childish love.

Of course the dark eyed child had faded from him long since into a mere memory, a cloud-shape, a dream; something which it impressed him sweetly and sadly to think of, like the recollection of exquisite music, or of some melancholy moonlight scene. But he had never loved any girl since.

He thought with curious wonder over his boyish conviction that he had seen Desiree alive long after the date on the tombstone; and though he now assumed that he was mistaken, it was strange how clearly on his mind remained the impression of his having seen her.

In New Orleans he had made inquiries about the Ryland family. Fate had dealt heavily with them. Clotilda Ryland, the aunt of poor little Desiree, had died at an early part of the war, her death having been hastened by the news that her son, whom she passionately loved, had been killed in a battle by the Federal bullet. Angelo Ryland, her husband, who was represented as having been wholly under her influence during her life-time, was living in Paris with his daughter, now his only child. They had lost nearly all their property, (most of it inherited on the death of little Desiree,) during the war, and were living in a poor and narrow way.

The mulatto woman, whom Eustace remembered as Desiree's nurse, had been devoted to Mrs. Ryland, refused to accept her freedom during the war, and died soon after her mistress's death. The family was, if such an expression may be used, effaced from New Orleans.

And now Eustace Dunraven is settled in New York. One day he is sent for to attend an English lady who, with her family, has just arrived from Europe, and is at the Clarendon Hotel. He finds that the lady is very weak and nervous, from the effects of the voyage, partly, but that there is nothing serious the matter.

The lady's husband is an Englishman of wealth. They had been in America several years before; they have come again to see how it looks after the war. He hears the lady ask one of her servants 'where Miss Dennis is,' and he hears that Miss Dennis has gone out with Miss Emily, and has not yet come back.

Dr. Dunraven takes his leave, to visit the lady next day; and on leaving her apartments, and hurrying through the hall, he almost rushes against a young lady and a little girl, who are coming in. He takes off his hat—begins to make an apology, when he suddenly breaks off, flushes, stammers, and at last exclaims:

'Do let me ask your name! Tell me—are you not Desiree Constant?'

For there before him stands a woman, not a child; but that woman has the face, the eyes, the hair of the child Desiree! The resemblance is wonderful, bewildering, overpowering. It is Desiree!

And the young lady turns pale, and says, in a tremulous tone,

'Sir, my name is Elizabeth Dennis but the name Desiree startles me in a manner I cannot explain. I do believe I must have once been called Desiree, and that I must have known you then.'

'How did you get the name of Elizabeth Dennis?'

'I don't know; I hardly remember my parents. I cannot understand why the name of Desiree seems so familiar to me. It cannot, I now know, have been my name.'

'Why—do please forgive my strange questions, and believe that I have a reasonable purpose in them—why cannot your name have been Desiree Constant?'

'Because,' she said, somewhat hesitatingly—'because,' among other reasons, the initials of my name are marked on my arm; and I can faintly remember my little brother—I suppose it must have been he—marked them one day on board a ship, and somebody—I suppose my mother—was there and was angry.'

Eustace Dunraven broke into an exclamation that was almost like a cry.—'Desiree,' he exclaimed, 'it was I who made that mark upon your arm! The initials were mine—not yours. My conviction—my faith was right. Desiree Constant is not dead! She lives, and you are she!'

It was Desiree Constant. The change from childhood to manhood, the hard ships and brorzing of the war, the heavy mustache and beard had so utterly transfigured Eustace Dunraven that she could not possiby recognize him; but gradually a memory of him as the boy on board the steamer came clearly back to her mind, and with it other recollections that helped to make the mystery of her life intelligible at last. It was never wholly cleared up, but, piece by piece, much of it came out, then and afterwards, and a crime was revealed. Mrs. Ryland and her mulatto servant had arranged it. Desiree once was attacked by fever, and Mrs. Ryland announced her death. A slave child, nearly white, died just then; her corpse was buried in a coffin which bore the name of Desiree Constant; and Desiree was sent to the far West when she had scarcely recovered from her fever, and kept there for a while by some people who received an annual sum for her, and were given to understand that she was an illegitimate child. The letters marked on her arm suggested to Mrs. Ryland a new baptism for the girl, and she smiled to herself to think how admirably the supposed means of identification could be made to serve the purpose of deception and fraud. She gave to Desiree Constant the name of Elizabeth Dennis; and the child, waking from the delirium of her fever to hear herself addressed only by this name, soon yielded to it in bewilderment, and at last forgot that she had ever been called by any other. Once, when for some purpose her keepers, as they must be termed, brought her to New York, and she saw the boy Eustace, some flash of memory leaped up within her; but she did not hear the name he called, and he was soon lost to sight.

It was not long after this that the English family with whom she was now living saw the child, were charmed with her, and were anxious to rescue her from the rough, uncongenial and mercenary hands in which she was placed. They paid off her keepers, got possession of the child, educated and brought her up, and they had her now as a teacher and companion of their children.

This was the story so far as it ever became known. It was not clear that Angelo Ryland, the broken old man now pining in Paris, ever was party to it. No steps were taken to crush that broken reed by any legal prosecution

Eustace Dunraven became a close friend of the English family, and of course, of Desiree. The memory of his childish affection soon changed into the reality of a manly love. And the girl loved him; and they were finally married, and are happy. Desiree found a mother and husband at once in Mrs. Dunraven and Eustace; and the future, let us hope, will repay her for the past.

Miscellany.

Curing Cancer.

The Newcastle *Courier* prints the following:

Some remarkable cures effected by the use of a decoction of common red clover drank as tea and used as a wash have lately called the public attention to the medical properties of this plant. This however cannot be said to be a new remedy; it has been employed for some years past, and there are apparently well attested cases of its efficacy even after the disease had become distressingly painful, and all hopes were given up. The following report of the cure had been written us by a correspondent;

Mr. Joel Rood, son-in-law of Mr. Truman Woodford, had a cousin residing in Great Barrington, Mass, the wife of the hotel keeper, who had a cancer in the breast, which became so serious that the whole gland was removed by a surgeon, and the wound healed. About a year after the cancerous humor broke out again, and was beginning to be serious. Mr. Rood, seeing the good effects of the clover tea and wash on his fathers' face, Mr. Truman Woodford, wrote to his cousin informing her of the fact, and urging her to try the remedy. She adopted it at once, and in a few months was entirely healed, and at the time of receiving this information, which was a year or more afterwards no re-appearance of the tumor had occurred.

The following appears in the American Dispensary, by Dr. John Cing, of Cincinnati:

"The extract of red clover, spread on linen or soft thin leather, is said to be an excellent remedy for cancerous ulcers. It is highly recommended in ill-conditioned ulcers of every kind, and deep, ragged-edged and otherwise badly conditioned bunions. It possesses a peculiar soothing property, and proves an efficacious detergent, and promotes healthful granulation."

THE HORSE EPIDEMIC.

The Horse Plague Discussed—The Opinions of Experts—No Abatement in the Disease—A Tour Among the Stables.

From the New York Times, June 18.

The principal topic of conversation among the owners of horses and other live stock in this city yesterday, was the strange and alarming epidemic that has recently been described in the *Times*. Many protracted and animated discussions were indulged in, and a variety of opinions expressed. The question of the most interest was as to the cause, the symptoms, and the best treatment. The arguments of many able and experienced dealers, trainers and surgeons were noted by the *Times* reporters, and important facts, theories and statistics gleaned. Nearly all the leading horse men agree with the opinion of Dr. Shaw, of the Second-avenue Railroad hospital stables. The disease is an epidemic. The cause cannot as yet be certainly defined.

It may be variously attributed. There are some who hold that atmospherical peculiarities have superinduced its present malignant form, and the glutting of the stomach with new meal and a small quantity of inferior bran and cut hay, has accelerated its ravages. Again, the theory is advanced that excessive labor, as is exacted from the poor car and stage beasts, unnerve and debilitate them until they are in a condition to take any prevalent disease. The excessive heat, cold, heavy showers, and sudden changes of the present season, is another reasonable cause.

Damp bedding and underground stables may be added to the list of provocatives. Facts prove, however, that some of the worst cases have occurred in good, dry, well kept stables, and among the better class of young, sprightly, oat-fed horses of both sexes.

This season has been a very sickly one to horses and cattle. All distempers and disorders have been unusually severe and obstinate. The ordinary method of treatment has not been powerful enough, and the medicinal relief has been administered in much more powerful doses than at any previous time.

Animals for car and stage lines, are generally purchased in cool weather, and when brought here are carefully attended to until acclimated. It is expected that all these "green" horses will have sickness, and in this panic they were all considered as the most ripe subjects for the plague. But the result has proved otherwise. The pest has been no respecter of country or city steeds, and has skipped hither and thither in the stables without being confined to any one locality. The worst cases, however, have occurred in the harness, on the rail and stage routes, among the hardest worked horses. Another very remarkable fact is that not a case has been lost where prophylactic treatment was adopted, and where the animal was properly nursed. Nearly every afflicted horse that has been neglected or taken out to work too soon has died. There is no question but that the general alarm now existing is well founded. The abatement in the number of cases for a short time cannot be depended on. The plague, as predicted a year ago, may yet increase to alarming proportions, and it becomes every one owning horses to use the greatest precaution.

Many of the persons whose stables have suffered the most have manifested an unaccountable reluctance to furnish statistics, and some who have assumed to give the facts for publication have been incorrect. If the representations of others are to be believed, there have been much more serious pecuniary losses than has yet been intimated, one authority placing the amount as high as $100,000.

The avenue stables are in excellent condition, cleanly, well aired, and the sick horses are kept separated from the well horses, in a smaller stable, opposite in the main building. The feed of the horses has been changed from half corn and oats, with cut hay, as formerly used, to ground oats and cut hay, at the rate of sixteen pounds of oatmeal to seven pounds of hay. Mr. Bidgood said that the cause of the disease was still a problem beyond his power. He remarked that it had been many years since he had suffered as much in mind as during the past week. When he saw so many of his finest horses sink ken down so inexplicably he was moved beyond expression. He had pointed out a sorrel horse that had been sick with the disease, but was now convalescent. He was a large, well-built, and fine-looking animal. "When I saw that sorrel horse fall sick of the disorder," said Mr. Bidgood, "I thought it was all up with our horses. If a fine strong horse like him was touched, what was to become of the weaker ones among our stock." Since the feed was changed Mr. Bidgood thought that there had been some improvement, but he could not say that it was owing to the feed. The injection of salt water and Cayenne pepper, and the rubbing of the loins and spine with liniment he was sure had had a good effect, and was the sole treatment of the stable. This line has 800 horses, and out of that number fifteen have been taken sick with the disease, and four have died. The remainder of the horses affected are, with the exception of two, in a way to recover, should not some at present unlooked-for turn in their complaint bring on a relapse.

At the Third avenue, thirty horses out of about 400 of the sick had died of the plague. Had they not been stricken down so rapidly when the disease first began its inroads, possibly all could have been saved, but so rapidly did the cases multiply that it was impossible to give them the attention that was necessary. Five per hour was the rate while the disease was at its height. Mr. Dickinson still holds to his opinion that the disease is caused by neglecting to give the horses enough bran feed at this season of the year, and says that he alone is to blame for the affliction of the horses, in not giving proper attention to the feed. A number of the horses of this line have been dissected, and lumps of dry-baked corn meal were found in the stomach. This, Mr. Dickinson says, is a peculiarity of the present complaint, differing from ordinary cases of bowel complaint among horses. Those sent to a pasturage on Riker's Island are much improved in health, and will probably be restored to usefulness. The horses of the Second Avenue line appear to be at present in a fair way of recovery. Forty-six of the cases are now in working order, and eleven were put on this morning. No change has been made in the feed. The horses on the western division of the Belt line are also in better condition, as well as those of the Twenty-third street line of stages, and everywhere there appears to be a lull in the progress of the malady, but whether it has ceased its ravages it is impossible to say.

Dr. Liootard, of the New York College of Veterinary Surgeons, says that the disease is epidemical in character, but not, as is feared by many, of a contagious character. It is one peculiar to this season, but is now raging in an extraordinary degree. He, as well as Drs. Shaw and Smith, who concur in his opinion, have no doubt of their ability to master the complaint if they have timely notice of its appearance, and are confident that their method of treatment is the right one to be pursued. Quite a panic prevails among livery stable keepers and horse owners in general. The least symptoms of sickness among their stock is hailed as the appearance of the dreadful disorder. The veterinary surgeons are now run after by excited horsemen as soon as a horse shows the least sign of drooping, and home doctoring, except in rare instances, is abandoned for the skilled treatment of professionals.

In reply to the inquiry, whether tonnage was legally collected on canal boats trading with Canada by inland waters, in case the boats were unprovided with sail or steam power, the Secretary of the Treasury decides that such boats are subject to the same regulations in regard to the payment of tonnage tax, as other vessels of the United States.

A RELIGIOUS SCANDAL.

A Baptist Minister Under a Very Black Cloud—A Daniel Come to Judgment.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

One of the subjects quietly talked over by the clergymen who met at the Sunday School Convention in Chicopee, was the case of Rev. E. D. Daniels, of Palmer, who, if half that is reported be true, is a black sheep in the flock, and whose doings have greatly exercised the denomination at Palmer and the vicinity for some time past. Mr. Daniels came to Palmer in May, 1870, under an engagement to serve as pastor of the Baptist church there for one year.

In October began a revival into which he entered with much fervor, securing aid from clergymen and laymen from this city and from adjoining towns. One of the first fruits of this awakening was Miss Ella Graves, a pretty girl of twenty-two—a blonde, lively, engaging, fond of the company of the opposite sex, pretty well educated, and, as it seems, fascinating. A few observant members of the congregation thought at that time that Rev. Mr. Daniels showed a more tender solicitude for her spiritual welfare than was exactly becoming for a pastor and a married man, but the matter excited no special comment.

In the winter she began the study of Latin, selecting him as her private tutor, and, as usual, the first word conjugated was *amo*. It would appear that the lesson was learned very thoroughly in the first person plural.

On a Friday in February he went to a Baptist clergyman in the adjoining town, much excised in spirit, and said he had ceased to have any affection for Mrs. Daniels, his wife, and passionately loved another woman, and he asked the prayers of his brother in the ministry. The brother, astonished beyond measure, told him that if he had come to that he was beyond praying for.

The next day Mr. Daniels returned to Palmer to find his wife a corpse, or just becoming one. Mrs. Daniels, a quiet, diffident and most estimable woman, who loved her husband with all the devotion of her true womanly nature, could not be insensible to what was passing before her eyes. Preparing herself with scrupulous care, she took in her hand the picture of her husband, and having told her attendant not to awake her under any circumstances, swallowed a dose of chloral hydrate sufficient to kill a dozen persons, and slept the sleep of death.

Nothing more pathetic can be found in the range of romance than the death of this sorrowing, heart broken woman. It was stated at the time that she died of an overdose of chloral, taken as a medicine, but there can be no doubt that the overdose was taken purposely. Mr. Daniels soon after determined, apparently, to defy public opinion, and appeared often in public with the girl, riding out with her and making himself especially conspicuous in her company at a lecture. This so aroused indignation against him that tar and feathers were even talked of, and since that time he has remained a boarder at the Graves', living in seclusion, and rarely or never coming to the depot village, except under cover of night. Miss Graves' friends report that she is married to Mr. Daniels; others say that she is not now, but is soon to be.

Mr. Daniels is a nervous, impulsive, and headstrong man, about 24 years of age. As a preacher he is fluent and earnest, sometimes rash and impolitic. He has long had the reputation of a tyrant in his family, and the citizens of the town even accuse him of brutally beating his little boy of three years. A native of South Braintree, Daniels was ordained to the ministry at Coleraine, and afterward preached at North Lavelett, which place he left under a cloud. He there became enamored of the nurse hired to attend his wife; and, under pretense of concern for her spiritual welfare, had long interviews with her, which so depressed his wife that she attempted suicide with belladonna. This unfortunate occurrence places the recent one in the light of a second grave offense, and strengthens the opinion that Mr. Daniels' great zeal in the late revival was hypocrisy. It is, of course, unnecessary to add that his usefulness at Palmer has ended.

Hard on Base Ball Clubs.

The Chicago *Times* hits base ball clubs a tap, which, in certain cases, is not out of place. After stating that they are generally "young men from nowwhere in particular," with "no moral character that anybody knows of," it says "they go into a game with another club, on which game there are staked immense sums of money. Suppose, it is said to one of them, 'Drop the ball at a critical part of the game and you shall have $500 for it,' why should he not do it? It is a simple error, which nobody can prove to be intentional. He can earn $500 just as well as not, and nobody can accuse him of it. In truth, there is no game in existence which can be 'sold' with as few chances for detection, or in which a player can enrich himself faster by a single act of treachery. * * * * * Why should not catcher, or short stop, or third base drop or overthrow a ball, when a heavy sum of money can be made, and yet the act be charged to accident or ill luck? To suppose that nine men of the kind who play base ball can be gotten together who are, every one of them, absolutely proof against selling out, is to entertain a pure absurdity. It has often been asserted by men who ought to have known better, that base ball was one of the most harmless games that can be gotten up. But when any game arrives at that point where betting is indulged in, its members immediately become corrupt. This base ball matter, a schoolboy's play at best, is well enough for a pastime for young men, but when they make a business of it, and go bumming around the country as many of them do, the moral effect is disastrous."

The wheat and corn prospects according to recent reports, are not very flattering for the country generally, which is owing to a variety of causes, the chief of which is the dry spring in most parts of the country. The largest increase in the average of wheat is reported from Kansas, where it is thirty per cent greater than last year. The reports on the whole are not specially discouraging, except as failing to show such increase in product over other years as might be expected.

White winter wheat of this year's growth was sold at the Board of Trade in Chicago, on the 23d. It was harvested at De Soto, Ill.

The new wheat crop of California, two weeks behind the usual time, that has been received at San Francisco thus far, is of an inferior quality.

The Past and the Present.

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Packer Collegiate Institution, which was celebrated on Thursday evening at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Mr. George William Curtis delivered an interesting address. He said:

What a golden age the old times seems to us. Somehow bravery seemed more brave there than in these prosaic days.—But who to-day that sees the glorious sun of summer, thinks that the sun of the Vale of Tempe surpasses this in beauty. Philip Sidney was certainly a noble hero, but no greater than that wounded artilleryman of Gettysburg, he who was wounded unto death, and asked his comrade for a drink of water, and, when told that the gun would be lost if his brother-soldier went for the water, nobly told his comrade to stand by the gun. All that was best in the old times we have now. It is the same old world. I come into the Packer Institute and find Lady Jane Grey studying the classics. I go into households and see Titania embracing the ears of her beloved Bottom. The stern critic denounces the extravagance of the women of the present day. But here is Queen Elizabeth, with 3,000 dresses, denouncing extravagance. We have fears for the preservation of our form of government, and lament the corruption of our Legislatures. And yet in these days, long ago, Robert Walpole was heard to say that every man had his price. But here, last fall, I heard Mr. Mundella say that Mr. Gladstone, the real king of England, had not power enough to appoint a Postoffice Clerk. I do hope that the time may come when, with a reformed civil service, our Senators and Representatives can say that they have no time to appoint a Treasury clerk. We shudder at the horrors of Paris, and think of modern civilization. And yet there we have the two foremost constitutionally-ruled nations of the earth peacefully settling differences that it seemed would never be settled without war and endless hatred. Of the omens of a new and better time, the constant and higher estimate of woman in modern society is the most marked indication. Why, when I see these nuns behind me, I reflect that had they been Grecian maidens in the times of Pericles, their presence here would have been esteemed as a preparation for a life of degradation. That the highest intellectual development was the exclusive prerogative of men has been until lately the opinion of the world. But now we have a higher culture for women marked out. There is no inhumanity so revolting as that which says to another, "You shall learn what I please, do what I command, and your moral and physical nature shall be subject to my pleasure." The reasons against selecting a cultivated wife are many. Dean Swift says that the natural levity of the sex will, if woman is educated, upset her reason, that she will be apt to despise her husband, and the more she knows the worse she will become. In Dean Swift's time such was the tenderness of woman that they consented to remain ignorant, so as not to shame their husbands. I have no doubt that the indecency of that period of writing was induced by the fact that men only wrote books, and intended them to be read only by men. The prejudices against woman have been very slowly relaxed. We are told that women can make light bread without knowing Greek. Is it then true that the most ignorant women make the best wives? Is it possible for such a woman to be as fully a mother to her children as one that is intelligent enough to answer their eager questions on every topic. The most noble woman I ever knew fitted her sons for college. Now, ladies, your presence here to-night shows that you don't believe your greatest empire is simply to please men. Is not your womanhood as precious to you as my manhood is to me? The only law by which women and men can be truly governed is the liberty of perfect development. You cannot know the sphere of any being until he has the liberty of choosing a sphere. Give women every opportunity of education that men enjoy. And if there be a woman with an overwhelming love of learning, then that woman's true sphere is not the nursery, but the sphere of science. When a Miss of Vassar can educate herself in medicine, she has the same right as any long-haired, sallow-checked boy in spectacles who hisses at her womanhood. The golden age lies before us, and not behind. We hear the words of promise to the chosen people, and every nation hears the command, "Children of Israel, go forward," and the battle standard is the advancement of women. We have left the idle toy. Forward, forward, we go, to find the true women in the free American home.

Stephen A. Douglas.

Horace Greeley, in the New York *Ledger*, speaks thus of Stephen A. Douglas:

"Mr. Douglas was the readiest man I ever knew. He was not a hard student, it he had been it would have been difficult to set limits to his power. I have seen him rise in the Senate quite at fault with regard to essential facts in controversy, and thus make damaging blunders in debate; but he readily caught at and profited by any suggestion thrown out by friend or foe; and no American ever excelled him in off hand discussion; so that, even if worsted in its first stages, he was apt to regain his lost ground as he went on. Once, as I sat with the Senior Francis P. Blair and one or two others, outside the bar of the Senate, in 1856, he made us the text of an amusing dissertation on the piebald, ring-streaked, and speckled materials whereof the new Republican party was composed; and passing us sometime afterward, he hailed me familiarly with the interrogation: 'Didn't I give you a good turn just now?' At a later day, when the Lecompton struggle was in progress, a mutual friend, remembering that my strictures on him in former years had been of a very caustic sort, inquired of him whether he had any objections, on their account, to meeting me on a friendly footing. 'Certainly not,' was his instant response; 'I always pay that sort of debts as I go along.' Our country has often been called upon to mourn severe, untimely losses; yet I deem the death of Stephen A. Douglas, just at the outbreak of our great civil war, and when he had thrown his whole soul into the country, one of the most grievous and irreparable."

As the office of Co-commissioner of Customs is vacant, the proposition to establish a Revenue Bureau is revived. It is proposed to do this by the consolidation of the Customs and Revenue Bureaus.—It is claimed that there is no necessity for two distinct Bureaus similar in character.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

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COMMUNISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

The telegraph news of to-day speaks of an interview had by a reporter with one of the leading members of the International Workingmen's Association in New York. This leader of the socialistic movement claims for it great strength in that city. He says that it has "sections" in the city, embracing workingmen of all nationalities, who are not only active in promoting their cause, but are in sympathy with the Communist organizations in Paris and the European cities. The fact that this Association promulgates a theory of social life which is diametrically opposed to that on which society is now organized, and the recent events of horror which have transpired in Paris in connection with the communistic revolt, have caused the thoughtful minds of this coudtry to view the progress of this revolutionary organization with solicitude, if not alarm.

There are in every great city large classes of discontented, reckless men, without the energy, or the industry, necessary to become owners of property, who yet have some intelligence, and have also an ambition to become leaders in movements in which their class is involved. They will readily seize upon any plausible theory by which they can rouse and inflame the passions and prejudices of the masses who must depend upon the labor of their hands for subsistence. These men have only to become indoctrinated in that vicious and false socialistic theory which asserts that all individual ownership of property is wrong—that property should be diffused and equalized—that capitalists are both robbers and oppressors—to have their organization become a dangerous one. The Communists of Paris have even gone the length of asserting that individual rights and relations must all be sunk in the government. Even the family must give way to the community. The status of marriage and the nurture of children must be a matter to be given up to the government. It is probable that our American "International Workingmen's Association" has not yet adopted these more extreme views of their European brethren. But that is a question of time and of events In Paris it required a century for the theories of FOURIER to become diffused through the masses of that city. He never dreamed of the logical effects which would one day be the result of his favorite theories. But time has wrought out one link after another of the chain of sequences until our ears have heard a tale of horror and of devastation from which we may well shrink back in fright. We may admit that the philosophers who originated this vicious theory designed the benefit of society by it—but the theory contained errors which, once taught to passionate, ignorant men, roused to action forces which theorists or philosophers cannot restrain from mischief. It matters little whether the man who drops the spark into a powder magazine be a wise man or a fool—or whether he meant to murder, or only to light his pipe, the destruction is none the less. Let the ignorant, the vicious, the idle, the discontented, overworked and half-starved of our great cities be once taught that society is doing them a constant and grievous wrong, that the priests, politicians and capitalists are in a conspiracy to keep them poor and in ignorance, and that they must strike for a new and radical reorganization of society, or be themselves and posterity slaves of capital to all generations, who shall tell what the result will be?

Let it not be said, too confidently, that in this land there is no danger. The same causes will produce the same results here as in Europe. We have in the cities a passionate, ignorant, uneducated, mass of people who will grasp greedily any theory which will promise them wealth and promotion—which they can hope to get in no honest way. What is now being sown will produce a crop which a coming day will harvest in bitter sorrow.

Let us not be understood as intimating that all associations of workingmen are necessarily evil in their workings. There are many objects for which associations of workingmen may be useful, and societies of this sort we have no fault to find with. But they are not useful when they teach that there is an eternal hostility between labor and capital—that the capitalist is a tyrant and the worker a slave. When they say that the idler or the incompetent, has an equal right with the owner to share in the products of the labor of the industrious and thrifty, they teach a doctrine false and full of mischief. Then such organizations become dangerous—not so much, after all, to capital or to the peace of society, as to themselves. The evils of society do not arise from the structure of government, the craft of priests, or the exactions of capital. This is especially true in this country where laborers are becoming capitalists, where education is the privilege of all, where no man need pay or hear a priest who does not wish to, and where millions of acres of rich soil are asking for hands to cultivate them. Here idleness, intemperance, gambling, and extravagance are the foes of the laboring men. Every man who choses to work and save his money can be at least fed and clothed. The property of the State educates his children, and furnishes him relief if his health so fails that he can not work. Neither government nor capital have any hostility to the workingmen, but on the contrary the better he is off, and the more prosperous he is, the better they are served by him. Whoever teaches a different theory, be he philosopher or demagogue, is practically a mischief-maker and an enemy of mankind.

The next Methodist Episcopal General Conference will, it is supposed, have to elect five or six new bishops, and consequently there is a great deal of talk among the Methodists as to the men on whom the honor is likely to fall.

THE WORKINGMAN'S PARTY.

A common assertion among our Democratic cotemporaries is that the policy of the Republican party is adverse to the interests of the workingmen. This usually takes the form of mere assertion unsustained by facts. Let us look for a moment at the results of this policy.

We believe, then, that there never was a period in the history of the country when the average prosperity and happiness of the workingmen was so high as it is at present. This, we further believe, is due in the main to the general policy and administration of the Republican party, and chiefly to its development policy.—But this development policy is supplemented by good financial management, by general economy and efficiency of administration and by a wise and peace-promoting foreign policy. Since the present administration came into power, the national debt has been reduced at the rate of $100,000,000 a year. There is a difference of opinion among Republicans as to the policy of such rapid reduction of the debt and of compelling the same generation which furnished the blood and muscle to save the country also to furnish the treasure. But it must not be forgotten that while this rapid reduction has been going on, the burdens of the people have been steadily decreasing. This at first glance seems parodoxical, but it is a fact that by greater efficiency in collecting the revenue, by weeding out all superfluous and supernumerary officers from every department of the government and by an administration of the government generally economical and efficient, the public debt and the taxes have gone on decreasing together. At one session of Congress, a burden of $80,000,000 of taxation was removed from the people. The total reduction of the publib debt made by the Republican party up to May 1, 1871, was $505,000,000, thus relieving the country of $38,000,000 of interest. Besides this, under the financial management of the party, which might have been improved no doubt but which in the main has been wise, the currency of the country has steadily appreciated, thus increasing the value of the money in the pockets of the people from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000. It will be seen, therefore, that by reducing the expenses of the Government and by superior efficiency in collecting the revenue, more than enough has been saved to pay off the national debt at the rate of $100,000,000 a year, and still reduce the annual burdens of the people $80,000,000. The economy and efficiency of the present administration has been shown, as above indicated, by a general overhauling and reconstruction of the departments, whereby an army of superfluous officers was dismissed, by a general reduction of expenditures, and by superior efficiency in collecting the revenue, an efficiency which will be appreciated when it is stated that for the first fifteen months of the present administration there was an increase in the amount of revenue collected of nearly $67,000,000 over the fifteen closing months of the former administration. Of the foreign policy of the administration it is not sufficient to say that it has been merely amicable. The adjustment of the Alabama claims question will not only silence the clamor of those who have demanded a settlement by a costly and bloody war and promote good feeling between the two nations, but it will secure for us important commercial advantages. By as much, therefore, as economy, efficiency and peace are more to the interests of the workingman than extravagance, inefficiency and war, by so much is the Republican policy favorable to his interests.

But the feature of Republican policy which is most directly to the advantage of the working people is the development feature. Under this policy, there is a greater demand for labor in the country to-day than can be supplied even with the importations from Europe and Asia to augment the supply. By means of the several trans-continental railroads the whole country is about to be made accessible and opened to settlement. Never in the history of the race was there so magnificent an opportunity presented to the working people. Altogether there are between 600,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 acres of arable land from which those who will may choose farms which in a short time will be in reach of paying markets. The very building of these railroads, the towns which will spring up, and the labor necessary to operate the roads and to conduct the business of the towns, will create an unprecedented demand for labor of every kind.

But this development policy is not confined to the agricultural and commercial interests of the country. It looks also to the development of our mineral resources and of manufactures. The result is that an unprecedented development of coal and other mines and of spacial industries is going on, creating a demand for labor also unprecedented. Under the impulse given to manufactures, not only have the manufacturing cities of the country increased in population and wealth from twenty to a hundred per cent, but numbers of new manufacturing towns have sprung up in the mineral regions. The result of all this is, that there is abundance of works for every man who will work and at good wages, that an available and accessible world is open before the workingmen where to choose both in location and in kind of work, and moreover that the working people know that there never was an era in which they were accumulating property so rapidly, educating their children so thoroughly or bearing their burdens so lightly.

On the other hand, the Democratic party has always been and is now opposed to this development policy, and to that extent its policy is adverse to the interests of the workingman. Under Democratic rule, the mineral resources and manufacturing interests of the country remained undeveloped and the party is now before the country asking for a reinstatement in power, partly upon the very ground of a return to this anti-development policy. As the party of slavery, it was the instrument used to prevent the development of the great West and Northwest. This is best illustrated by the statement to which we have several times alluded that when the original surveys were made for the Pacific railroads, JEFFERSON DAVIS, then Secretary of War, changed the estimate for the construction of a road upon the parallel of the present Northern Pacific route from $117,000,000 to $140,000,000, in order to discourage the building of the road, which he had the sagacity to see would build up a great empire of free States in which the working people would grow rich in tilling the farms, driving the wheels and conducting the business of the towns, and that thus the Slave States would be overbalanced. Not only did the Democratic party, as the instrument of the slave interest, become a means of shutting the working people out of the vast domain which the Republican policy has opened to them, but it shut the white working men out of the fields of the South, and so far as possible administered the government so as to develop the cotton interest and develop it by slave labor only. This is proved by the fact that out of ninety-five treaties negotiated under Democratic rule, ninety of them mentioned the peculiar products of the South and only five referred to the products of the North and West. But the policy of the Democratic party in becoming the instrument of Slavery, was more adverse to the interests of the working man by degrading labor than it was by its tendency to shut the white working man out of the South and West. While bearing the name of Democracy, it became the party of an Aristocracy founded upon slave labor, a system into competition with which free labor could not come, and which necessarily made labor degrading and degraded the white man who was compelled to labor for sustenance.

This, it is true, only proves the effect of Democratic policy in the past. It may be claimed that there is to be a "new departure" in this respect also since the results of the war are announced as accepted. But it is evident that upon the amendment question there has been only a "surrender of swords and not of sentiments," and that it will be so in every other respect. It is certain at least that the general policy of the party has always been adverse to a development of the country in the interest of the working people and that its general sentiment is anti-progressive and illiberal. It can no more change this in a day or a campaign than the leopard can change his spots. The whole heart and habit of the party is averse to that progress and development which promotes the interest of the working people, and to trust it with power would be to turn back the clock of our national progress for a generation.

THE NEW DEPARTURE AGAIN.

We quoted recently from J. DAVIS, A. H. STEVENS and R. TOOMBS, lately of the late Southern Confederacy, to show that they did not accept the situation. That a majority of the Southern people are heartily with them is no more to be questioned than that they were attached to the "lost cause," and that they hope to ultimately gain it by a Democratic triumph. For this very reason, however, they may be induced to *acquiesce* in the "new departure" as DAVIS says that he acquiesces in the situation which he refuses to accept. The Southern Democracy, therefore, as well as a large portion of the Northern, will probably support the party while they spit upon the platform.

The Democracy of Pennsylvania, Iowa Kentucky, and Tennessee have followed Ohio in admitting that the amendments are parts of the Constitution, though whether "de jure" or "de facto" they do not always state. The probability is that a majority of the Democratic State conventions will follow, and that by the fall campaign the Democracy will have taken the "new departure" so far as State platforms go. To ascertain the real sentiment of the Democracy, therefore, we must look to the county press and the county Conventions. A number of the county journals have protested vehemently against this abandonment of principle on the part of the Democracy, while the Democratic County Conventions have begun to speak in the same direction. Among the papers in this State which join in this protest are the following: The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Columbus *Crisis*, Wooster *Democrat*, Celina *Standard*, Bucyrus *Forum*, Urbana *Union*, Circleville *Democrat*, Madison County *Democrat*, Warren *Constitutionalist*, Greenville *Democrat*, Fremont *Messenger*, Marion *Mirror*, Ashland *Union*, Lancaster *Eagle*, Clermont *Sun*, Defiance *Democrat*, and Napoleon *Northwest*. The Pennsylvania Greensburg *Argus* "tears down the flaunting lie" and tramples it under foot as the device of the enemies of a "free whiteman's government." A Missouri paper says "the so-called Democracy is a lie, a swindle, a transparent cheat. No man who ever was a Democrat, or who knows what the word means, has any use for a 'Democracy' which adopts and indorses the three Constitutional amendments." Another paper says "the voice is the voice of JACOB, but the hand is the hand of ESAU." The Democracy of Chester county, Pennsylvania, recently declared that "the ninth resolution (the 'new departure' one) of the platform adopted at Harrisburg does *not* represent the sentiments of the Democratic party either of this county or State."

While the Kentucky platform "accepts the situation," the Democratic leaders support the ticket and "expectorate" upon the resolutions. Thus Governor LESLIE, the Democratic candidate for re-election, said recently:

"As to the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, I am out and out opposed to them. I care not who in Indiana, Ohio or elsewhere may be for them. These amendments were engrafted upon the Constitution of the country, and proclaimed to the country as part and parcel of the Constitution, by force and by fraud. * * * Having been thus obtained, I hold that they ought to be repealed. There may be some Democrats who are not for their repeal, but the great body of our party is for it."

VOORHEES of Indiana has been invited to take part in the Kentucky campaign. He has not yet pronounced in his own proper person upon the "new departure" but his home organ says that he refuses point plank to "depart" from his old position and thus risk his "reputation for Democratic soundness, gained by years of hard but brilliant success."

Governor LESLIE is undobtedly correct in saying that the "great body" of the Democratic party favors a repeal of the amendments. To have said this a month ago would have laid one liable to the charge of uttering the flattest platitude, so well was the fact understood and so generally was it admitted by the Democracy. There can be no doubt as to the sentiment of the party. It is opposed to the Amendments, but may be induced to accept them upon the understanding of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that it shall put its own construction upon them. It is easy to see how the Democracy might render them virtually nugatory by adverse construction, by repealing all laws enacted to enforce them, and by enacting other laws designed to obstruct their execution. We do not doubt that at some future time the Democracy will honestly take the "new departure" but this will be when the country has wholly outgrown the old issues and when all hope of gaining the "lost cause" by the ballot has been abandoned both South and North. But even if the conversion were as honest now as that of the most penitent sinner on record, the country could not afford to trust the Democracy with the control of the country until it had undergone a long probation and proved its sincerity by its works. It would not be best to allow the new converts to take possession of the pulpit, the church offices and the Sunday School, turning out the tired and faithful members, immediately upon a "profession of their faith."

THE PARTY OF DEVELOPMENT.

In our last issue we alluded to a fraud practiced on the government and people of this country by JEFFERSON DAVIS when he was Secretary of War, in order to prevent the development of the region of the Northwest. When the report of the different surveys for a Pacific Railroad were under consideration DAVIS saw the manifest advantage of the Northern route, and changed the figures of Gov. STEVENS' estimate from $117,121,000 to $140,871 00, in order to secure the adoption of a Southern route in preference to it. Even the STEVENS' estimate was too large by over $37,000,000 as shown by more recent and accurate surveys and estimates. We might reduce this still further by showing that the more recent estimate was made when a dollar has not the purchasing power it had when JEFFERSON DAVIS was Secretary of War. Yet he added on nearly $24,000,000 on an ample estimate to make it impossible for the American people to undertake the most feasible and valuable route to the Pacific ever surveyed or projected.

This is only one of a series of facts connected with the history of that era, most pregnant with mischief, during which the slave oligarchy controlled the policy of the Federal Government. The policy of the Democratic party was to prevent the expansion, and development of our country northward. Valuable territory to which we had an undoubted title in the northeast and in the northwest was surrendered to Great Britain without a struggle. That the slave interest might hold a balance of power the free north must be shorn of its own strength. The development and improvement were limited and hampered in every possible way. By hostile measures toward the free industry of the north it sought to break up the prosperity of our manufacturing towns and districts. Every possible expedient was used to derange northern enterprise into which our labor and capital entered in order to keep this oligarchy from being prostrated. During several Democratic administrations an apparently contradictory policy in reference to currency, banks, tariffs, territorial acquisition and internal improvements was observable, which it has puzzled many students of our political history to account for. On this point an excellent and faithful historian of this era remarks: "The South determined that the Free North must be shorn of her natural strength, when needful, that slavers might preserve its balance of power. With this simple key, the historian may unlock the otherwise inexplicable labyrinths of American politics for sixty years. Thus instructed he will be enabled to read in one straightforward and undeviating chapter of national policy the fluctuations of 11 Presidential Administrations, amid all the clamor of rival aspirants, and the rise and fall of the contending factions that have alternately affected to be the government. In all these apparent changes the slave power has governed with one steady purpose, and never more steadily and effectively than in the midst of seeming change and caprice." The Democratic party of to-day is ruled by the same interests and marked by the same destructive policies in regard to northern expansion and northern interests. The Republican era has secured free homesteads for actual settlers. It has chartered and built railroads from the Atlantic settlements to the Pacific shores. It has given strength and protection to the enterprise which have given our cities an unprecedented growth, and afforded a profitable market for the products of our agriculturists. It has given us a safe and reliable currency, even in a time of national disaster. It has fostered manufactures. It has improved rivers and harbors. It has built highways for commerce across the continent. It has by a wise financial management, prevented the frequent financial disasters which the Southern management contrived to afflict the North with every fifteen or twenty years for the benefit of Southern bankrupts. All these benefits men of all parties have enjoyed. But if we allow the policy of the government to be shaped by the defeated oligarchy of the South, which has made the Democratic party its medium of action the calamities of former years on a larger scale may be expected. The prudent will foresee the evil and hide from it in season.

A pure white deer haunts the groves of Pierce county, Wisconsin, and has been seen many times by different persons recently.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

GENERAL CLINTON, of Alabama, was before the Ku Klux Committee a few days ago and testified that there was no Ku Klux organization in his State, so far as he knew, and further that the greater part of the crimes committed have been by members of the Radical party. The Democratic party, moreover, in that State are "in favor of educating the negro," the "leaders of the Radical party are destitute of moral character" and the "Southern people love our form of government." We are glad to hear of one State in which things are lovely, and in which the Democracy are lamb-like and in possession of moral character. We regret, however, that the Radicals are in a state of moral destitution. Upon this Ku Klux question, we have other testimony which we deem equally reliable. In fact, we have that of the Southern candidate for the Presidency, Mr. GREELEY, who speaks of the Ku Klux generally, not confining them to Texas nor excluding them from Alabama. He says "they (the Ku Klux) don't go for the thieving carpet-baggers, but they skulk around wretched cabins, and drag out inoffensive negroes, to lash and torture them, merely for standing up for their rights as men. For this I do execrate the Ku Klux. I say they are a disgrace to Southern chivalry, and they would be drummed out of the South if there were any true chivalry there." Mr. GREELEY's testimony we believe will be accepted even by the Democracy. The fact is, that there never was a more cowardly and disgraceful band organized for sinister ends. It was organized, too, as there is abundance of testimony given under oath and otherwise to show, for political objects, chief of which is to intimidate the blacks and prevent them from voting the Republican ticket. The success of these tactics in Louisiana in 1868 will be remembered, where there was a majority of from 25,000 to 30,000 Republican votes, but the blacks were so over-awed and intimidated by the Ku Klux that they did not vote, and the result was a majority of over 46,000 for SEYMOUR. The effect of the Ku Klux act, we may remark in conclusion, in checking the outrages throughout the South has already amply vindicated the wisdom of Congress in enacting the measure.

THE TROUBLES OF THE POPE multiply more rapidly than his triumphs. The declaration of infallibility was followed by the loss of the temporal power and the indications are that the celebration throughout the world of the 25th anniversary of his pontificate will be speedily followed by his departure from Rome. As on the very day of the promulgation of the infallibility dogma the first step was taken in the overthrow of the temporal power by NAPOLEON'S declaration of war with Prussia, so amid the celebrations of the anniversary come rumors of a plot to assassinate his Holiness and the announcement that he will not remain in Rome after the Italian government occupies the city. The Italian government will be transferred from Florence to Rome on the first of July, so that if the Pope persists in his purpose to abandon Rome his exit will not be long delayed. Where he will go has not been determined it seems for both Malta and Corsica are suggested. He may possibly, owing to his great age, remain in Rome, but if he does so it will be under protest, and not by any "acceptance of the situation." He is uncompromising in rejecting the guarantees offered by the Italian Government, because, as he claims, the patrimony of St. PETER was intrusted to him, by Divine authority, and he cannot surrender it. He therefore spits upon the immunities and safe-guards tendered, and denounces the occupation of Rome and his deposition from the sovereignty of the Roman States as robbery. In his last encyclical he says:

"So now, as of our bounden duty, we declare that we will never agree to nor accept, nor can we so agree to or accept, those cunningly wrought-out safeguards or guarantees proposed by the sub-Alpine government, whatever their device, or any others, of whatsoever kind or however ratified, which, under the form of securing our sacred power and liberty, shall have been offered to us in lieu of and in exchange for that civil principality with which Divine Providence willed the Holy Apostolic See should be furnished and strengthened, and which is ratified to us by legitimate and irrefragible titles, as well as by possession for more than eleven centuries."

Should the Pope quit Rome, the hopes of a vast majority of the Romish Communion for his restoration to the "temporalities" will go with him, and the belief in his return and restoration will be confidently expressed. The fact that the experience is not a new one to the Popes is pointed to and there is abundant trust in the Catholic heart that the power which has preserved the civil sovereignty of the Popes for eleven centures will continue to preserve it. Unless, however, the preservation of this sovereignty is a cardinal article in the Romish faith, it would seem that an intelligent review of history and a glance at the present state of the Papacy would raise doubts in the mind of the most devout Catholic. PIUS VII, it will be remembered, was restored by the Holy Alliance, not out of considerations of duty to the Pope and the Church, but out of respect for and to maintain the divine right of Kings against the revolutionary elements of Europe. The present Pope was restored after his former expulsion by NAPOLEON III. and France, both of whom are now prostrate. At that time, the Catholic nations of Europe were devoted to the Papacy. France held the Pope on his throne by her bayonets, Austria was bound to him by the concordat, and Spain was ruled by ISABELLA, one of the most devout and Jesuitical adherents of the Pope. South Germany and Belgium were united in their devotion to the interests of the Papacy and Italy was divided and powerless. Now, however, France is almost as helpless as the Pope himself, Austria has abolished the concordat which bound her to the car of the Pope's mandates, Bavaria openly defies him and encourages the DOLLINGER schism, Italy takes from him his civil crown and throne and occupies his capital as the capital of Italy, and the throne of Spain is occupied by a Son of the King of Italy, who has despoiled His Holiness of the "temporalities." There seems to be no Catholic power on the globe, unless perhaps France, which cares to restore to the Pope his civil sovereignty. Then it must be considered that when the Pope came to the chair, France, a Catholic power, held the supremacy on the continent. Now Germany, a Protestant power, is united and holds the supremacy.

These are abundant indications of the decline of the Papacy. But the quitting of Rome by a Pope has heretofore been the sign of great declension in the Papal authority, both temporal and spiritual, and will be so again. "Papal annalists and enthusiasts," says a recent Catholic writer, "have wrung their hands" over the sojourn of the Papacy in France. "It was a period of deep decline, the prelude and preparation for still deeper and more decided declension," continues this writer, and that "away from its proper seat, afar from that awful and imperial Rome, wherewith the might and majesty of the Papedom were indissolubly bound up, the Roman Pontiff grew slight and small in the sight of Christendom." The departure of the Pope will no doubt be the occasion and sign of a still further declension. The assumption of political authority over the Princes and rulers of the world by the adoption of the Syllabus and the Infallibility dogma, has had a tendency to array the powers against the Papacy, and the probabilities are that there will not be a ruler left in Europe to do the Pope reverence, save as the spiritual head of the Church.

THE restoration of Dr. SPOONER, a physician of the Homœpathic school, to the position of Examining Surgeon of the Pension Bureau, from which he was removed by ex-Commissioner VAN AERNAM, has given great satisfaction to the homœpaths. This action indicates, as his original appointment did, a more liberal sentiment in the appointing power than was shown during the war when physicians of the Homœpathic school were excluded from the army. At first glance it seems that if physicians of this school are to be admitted to government positions, the Hydropaths, Botanics, Eclectics, and all other schools, should be admitted. And the question then occurs, why not? Surgery is nearly the same in all schools, and even the Allopaths are very much divided in their "theories" of the operation of drugs. The Allopath gives mercury upon one "theory" and the Homœpath gives it upon another, and how is the government to decide between the two? But it need not be left to the prejudice of the appointing power. The "school" which gives its disciples a thorough education, whatever may be its theory of the action of remedies, it seems should be recognized by the government.

IT seems that the story set afloat by the New York *World* to the effect that Queen VICTORIA desires to marry one of her daughters to an American, with a preference for a son of President GRANT, has some foundation in fact. At least the New York *Standard* says of the rumor: "Astonishment will soon be a word without a meaning, and it will soon become as difficult for us to picture the mental state of a savage who, for the first time, sees an 'iron horse,' as it was for our forefathers to believe in the anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. We fully agree with the *World* as to the probability of this match—nay, we have positive information that it is seriously thought of at the Court of St. James; but we must dissent from the speculative conclusions which the *World* draws about the motives which actuate Mrs. VICTORIA GUELPH." "We told you so." This was a result which was distinctly apprehended when the Princess LOUISE married the Marquis of Lorne. In this country we are all sovereigns and hence all of royal blood, so that it becomes simply a matter of choosing among some forty million members of the royal family. As in the royal families of Europe, there are also differences in character and capacity, some of our princes being as loose in morals as the Prince of Wales, and others being as strict or "tight" as Prince ALBERT himself. We may remark, in view of this proposed union, that the world moves.

THE Lake Superior trade is beginning to engage the attention and excite the rivalry of the lake cities especially. We referred recently to the remark made by Hon. WM. D. KELLEY, in his address on the Northern Pacific Railroad, that "it requires but little power of the imagination to behold the City of Erie overshadowing Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit and expanding into rivalry with Chicago." Erie is, or is to be made, the lake port of Philadelphia, and is the principal lake terminus of the Pennsylvania Central, or rather the point which that road is most directly interested in building up. By a perpetual lease of the Philadelphia and Erie Railway, it comes in competition with the New York Central and the Erie roads as a line to New York, and makes the city of Erie only twenty-eight miles further from New York by way of Philadelphia than it is by way of Buffalo and the Erie road, and only ten miles further than by way of Buffalo and the New York Central. Philadelphia parties are the principal projectors of the Northern Pacific and owners of Duluth, and they will leave no stone unturned to secure the bulk of the Lake Superior trade for that city. But New York and Baltimore will not sleep while Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Central are reaching for this trade through Erie. New York, through the Erie Canal, the New York Central and the Erie to Buffalo will still take the lion's share of the trade through the latter city. Baltimore and the Baltimore and Ohio road are reaching for the same trade through our neighboring city of Sandusky, and it has been announced that a line of boats is to be run to Duluth in connection with a line of ocean steamers from Baltimore. It is evident that an immense accession to the trade of the cities of the lower lakes is to come with the completion of the Northern Pacific. When Minnesota and Dakota are "sown to wheat," as they will be during the present generation, Erie and Sandusky will loom into importance as grain-receiving cities and Buffalo will have to double the capacity of her elevators and reduce her rates one-half.

THE influence of sympathy to disarm prejudice and allay censoriousness is manifested in the manly and sincere expressions of regret at the untimely death of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and of feeling for his family, which come from the political opponents of the deceased. So long as Mr. VALLANDIGHAM lived to hurl defiance in the face of his opponents, he was not spared. With the same measure that he meted out to others his foes gave back to him of the same in criticism, invective, ridicule and denunciation. But the moment his tongue becomes silent in death, the hearts of his lifelong opponents begin to soften, virtues and excellencies of his private character hitherto obscure, stand out in grateful prominence, and a willing homage of admiration is paid to them. And it is well that we are able to say that in this expression of sympathy neither friend nor foe is in danger of giving fame and influence to a bad private life. We believe Mr. VALLANDIGHAM never brought disgrace on the fame of his pious ancestry by glaring departures from the path of morality or propriety. His errors were those arising from an erroneous political philosophy, and a belief in vicious political theories. He was, in early life, a student of CALHOUN'S theories of State Sovereignty, and to that mischievous source must be ascribed his misdirected ambition. We see in the expressions of regard paid to him to-day the power of sympathy to soften our selfish asperities and make us feel the nearness of man to man. Men have hearts, after all, and we often feel the force of the wise man's words: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to heart. Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

THE "NEW DEPARTURE" advocates address a very peculiar argument to the real friends of the cause of impartial suffrage, and the equalization of citizenship. They say, not in words, but in fact, to us: The Democracy don't repent of its convictions and course hortile to Republican ideas. But now that you have overcome us in the bitter fight and made your ideas a part of the framework of the government, we shall ask you to trust us with the duty of carrying these ideas into effect. It puzzles us to understand where the Democrats get the idea that there is any strength in such appeal when it is addressed to any man who really cares for the success of the principles of freedom. We remember when the Whigs used to claim that the United States Bank question was no longer an issue in politics, that the JACKSON men said: We cannot trust you—we are reliable on that question. You are opposed to the bank only from policy and expediency—we are opposed to it on principle. So now will every true patriot reason. We cannot trust the enemies of our most sacred ideas with their keeping. No true mother ever gives her offspring into the keeping of her mortal foes. The measures of the Republican era are the offspring of the patriotic hearts and enlightened minds of the friends of freedom, and we can not trust them in the keeping of their foes. It is an ancient law maxim that a law should exist as long as the reasons for it continue. The reasons for the amendments to the constitution which abolished slavery, established equality of citizenship, guaranteed the payment of the federal debt, and forbade the payment of the confederate debt by any State or by the Federal government, and conferred the ballot on all citizens without distinction of color, are founded in justice and the rights of man. They can never change. As long as there is an oligarchy in the South, with sympathizers in the North, the friends of justice and the rights of man must keep guard themselves over the amendments. It it is not enough that our foes have put their execrations out of their verbal platforms, we never can trust them with so sacred a trust on behalf of the millions of this land until the old malice is out of their hearts. A season of humiliation on the anxious seat, and the production of works meet for repentance for twenty years to come, would be a probation none too long, and none too severe for a party to endure which has been so apostate to justice, freedom and the Union.

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June15w4t.

BLOOM OF YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

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BLOOM OF YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

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Correspondence.

Wanderings in the West.

No. 6.

SOMETHING ABOUT EMPORIA—AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A MANUFACTURER—GOOD FARMING—PRICE OF LANDS—A LITTLE CIPHERING—A PLEASANT FAMILY COLONY—BELLEVUE—SOMETHING FOR OLD FOLKS TO CONSIDER—A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A SURPRISE PARTY.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, June 5th, 1871.

DEAR BLADE: My last letter was so taken up with other matters that I had no room for anything concerning this pleasant, prosperous town—I ask pardon of the Emporians, I should have said city. It is the county-seat of Lyon county, and is situated near the junction of the Neosho and the Cottonwood Rivers, and claims the finest water power in the State. This has been only partially improved. A good substantial dam has been built, but a flour mill with three or four run of burrs is the only use now being made of the power thus afforded. A very substantial four story stone building has also been erected by the proprietors of the mill, who will make a favorable lease of it and abundant water-power to run it, to any party who will put in suitable machinery for any manufacturing business. It would make a good woolen factory or paper mill, and there is said to be a good opening here for either—though where the wool would come from for the farmer I don't know, for I havn't seen a thousand sheep in Kansas. Perhaps, though, they are like the milk-sickness used to be in Ohio—"none of it here, but plenty a little further on." But parties who might think of engaging in the business would, of course, examine this matter for themselves. I merely mention the fact that a fine building and abundant power are here waiting for somebody to improve them.

Emporia claims 3,000 inhabitants, and I believe a correct census would make the claim good. At least half of these have come here within the past three years, and yet I don't think the place is overgrown, for the increase of population of the surrounding country appears to have kept pace with that of the town—which is rather an uncommon thing in new countries. Generally the towns rush ahead of the country, and then have to wait for the country to catch up. There is an air of solid prosperity and general well-to-do-ativeness about Emporia that I like. The people are cordial, intelligent, enterprising, and a healthy moral tone pervades the place. There are only two liquor shops in the town, and these are kept in a wholesome state of fear, and it is expected they will soon succumb to the pressure of public indignation.

There is a live daily paper—*The News*—published here, which I am informed by the enterprising publishers, Messrs. STATTLER & WILLIAMS, is more than paying its way—a fact which speaks well for the intelligence and public spirit of the citizens. Having once to my sorrow tried the experiment of publishing a daily paper in a small city, I had a feeling of sympathy for Messrs. S. & W., but am gratified to know that all my sympathy was wasted.

I was surprised on my arrival at the Robinson House to find in its proprietor, L. N. ROBINSON, an old Ohio friend, o whom I had lost sight for several years. He is a genial, clever, whole-souled gentleman, in the fullest meaning of the term, and I will hint to those who may be traveling through the west that he "knows how to keep a hotel."

Emporia is surrounded by a rich agricultural country, pretty well settled, and being brought to a high state of cultivation. The manner of farming about here suits me well. There is very little of the lazy, careless, slip-shod style about it, of which I have had occasion to complain in several of my former letters. And the rich soil is promising a generous response to the good cultivation it is receiving. Nowhere have I seen a better prospect of abundant crops.

The average price of lands here is, of course, somewhat higher than in more sparsely settled regions, for as the settlement of the country progresses the price of lands invariably advances. Improved farms range all the way from $12 to $50 per acre, and I saw one piece of forty acres of improved land, four miles from town, for which $50 per acre was refused two or three months ago. But "circumstances" did that, and it cannot be taken as a fair index of the price of land. It lays adjoining the farm of a man of means who wanted it to "fill out" his place. You know some people are never satisfied as long as anybody else's lands adjoin theirs.

But supposing he had bought it at that price, would it have been a bad investment? Let us see: The forty acres adjoining it, last year averaged eighty bushels of corn to the acre, and I don't think the land is any better than this. That would be 3,200 bushels. Corn is worth here now, from 65 to 70 cents per bushel. Take the lower price, and the 3,200 bushels would be worth $2,080. Suppose it to cost $10 per acre to raise and market the crop, $400; and interest on the investment, $2,000 at 7 per cent, $140, making a total of $540, which deduct from the $2,080, and we have $1,540, being more than three-fourths of the entire cost of the land at $50 per acre, realized out of one crop.

It is only proper to state that this cannot be done the first year the land is cultivated, and of course it must be a pretty favorable year when the average can be made eighty bushels per acre.—The first year the crop is always light, as the sod has not rotted and the corn can only be cultivated one way, (and often even that is not done) and if the crop pays the expense of breaking the sod it is considered as doing pretty well. It is proper, therefore, to deduct another year's interest, $140, from the above amount, leaving just $1,400, nearly three-fourths the cost of the land at $50 per acre.

"But is not this an exceptional case?" you ask.

Yes, of course it is. The average corn crop of Kansas is not anything near eighty bushels per acre, but that quantity, and more, has often been grown on good land with good cultivation, and there are many thousands of acres yet just waiting for the same kind of cultivation to make the same return. So you will see that that farmer did not offer $50 per acre for that particular "forty" without knowing what he was about. Besides wanting it to "fill out" his farm, he knew the investment would pay.

I spent Saturday and Sunday with the family of JAMES M. MCCREARY, Esq., old friends whom I formerly knew in the east. Mr. MCCREARY was very comfortably situated in Lancaster county, Pa., but as land was high he could not secure homes for his children there. So he sold out the old homestead, cut loose from old associations and came to Kansas. Two years ago he made his first investments about four miles north of this place. His two married daughters came out with their husbands last year and occupied a part of the land; Mr. MCCREARY and his wife came last winter; another son and his young wife came last week, and all are comfortably settled now in the same neighborhood. Another son and his wife still remain in Pennsylvania, but are expected next year, while the youngest of the sons I suspect will in due time capture a fair Kansian and settle in this same pleasant family colony.

From an eminence near here is one of the finest views I have seen in Kansas. On one side, five miles distant, may be seen the State Normal School and other buildings in Emporia; in the opposite direction, and seven miles away, lies the village of Americus in full view, while winding tortuously through the magnificent prairies run Dow's creek, Allen creek, the Bottomwood and the Neosho, each skirted with its belt of timber. On the east the prairie rolls away for many miles, with only here and there little clumps of dark green trees like islands on its bosom. Here, in the midst of their children, and in sight of all their homes, Mr. and MRS. MCCREARY think of building their own home, and before the foundation is laid I christen it "Bellevue."

Of course it cost them a struggle to break off old associations, give up the old home and come out here among strangers, at their time of life. But they have stood the pioneering bravely, and I think are looking some years the younger for it.

If there are other parents among my readers whose hearts are troubled with the thought of being separated from their children in their declining years, I will only say that this great West offers places without number for just such family colonies as I have described above. I do not advise them one way or the other, but only tell them what they *can* do if they wish—leaving each to decide the matter as to them may seem best.

And here I've half a notion to tell a little story about the young wife referred to above, who came only last week to her prairie home. Educated, refined and accustomed all her life to the society and all other advantages of an old settled community, she came expecting to "rough it" in a rude shanty upon the open prairie until they could build a house. It was a hard trial, of course, to leave her widowed mother and other dear friends behind, and come out here, fifteen hundred miles from them all, with such a prospect in view. But what won't a woman do for the man she loves? They left Emporia in the morning for the purpose of driving out to their "shanty," eight miles distant.

"We'll stop here for dinner with father and mother," said her husband, as they turned towards a neat and comfortable looking story and a half house, a little distance from the road.

"Why, Will, I didn't know they were keeping house!" she replied.

"Yes, they're living here," and with that they were at the door, and "father and mother" were out bidding them a hearty welcome. Of course, she must be shown through the new house as soon as the welcome was over. It was plainly but neatly furnished; all the little conveniences which a mother's experience and careful forethought could devise were there.

"How do you like it, Lizzie?" they asked after she had been the rounds.

"O, it is *so* nice. If I had such a house as this I wouldn't mind going out on the prairie to begin life. But I musn't expect that for a good while yet."

"Yes, Lizzie, this is your house," said the mother, who thought the joke had been carried about far enough.

"O, mother! *Is* that so?"

"Yes, this house and everything in it are yours."

What could she do then but sit down and indulge in a good cry? What could *any* woman with a heart have done but that? And that's just what she did.

It isn't a palace, of course, but as I sat at the tea table with them last evening, I could not help thinking it contained as much genuine happiness as could be crowded inside of any palace walls.

I expect to start this afternoon in company with Hon. D. L. LAKIN, Land Commissioner of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, down into southwestern Kansas—a region that for a year or so past has been attracting the special attention of emigrants. I shall probably go as far as the Arkansas valley, and as I will be beyond the limits of Uncle Sam's mail arrangements, my "communications will be cut off," as they used to say in war times. As soon as I get within reach of the mails again, you shall have my impressions of the country. A. P. M.

No. 7.

A TOWN ONLY FORTY DAYS OLD—AN EX-JUDGE AND AN EX TREASURER AS PIONEERS—THE FUTURE OF NEWTON AND OTHER NEW TOWNS—OVER THE PRAIRIES—THE SOIL, WATER, STONE, &C.—A STREAM THAT RUNS IN ALL DIRECTIONS—PRICES OF LANDS.

Editorial Correspondence of the BLADE.

NEWTON, SEDGWICK CO., KANSAS, June 7, 1871.

DEAR BLADE: My readers need not look for Newton on the map of Kansas, neither in the Post Office directory, for it is not there. Two months ago the site now occupied by this village was nothing but open prairie, with not a house within five, perhaps ten, miles of it. Vast herds of Texas cattle passed undisturbed over the great "trail" that runs within twenty rods of the village. (I want to thank the founders of Newton for omitting the word "city" after the name.) Now the Texan or Mexican herdsman, if you meet him five or ten miles beyond, will hail you with, "What town's that?" although he may have been over this some trail at least twice a year for the last ten years. And he will rub his eyes and perhaps pinch himself to be quite sure he isn't dreaming.

On the 17th of April last the first load of lumber—and only a two-horse wagon load at that—was pitched out on the prairie somewhere within the limits of the town plat of Newton, and in a few days the first house was commenced. Now there stand on the plat about forty houses, several of them substantial and roomy two story structures, and others are being commenced every day. And all the lumber and everything else used in the construction of these houses, and all the supplies of the people who live here have been brought in wagons from the terminus of the Railroad thirty miles away!

"But what do they want with a town away down there, thirty miles from any place?" you ask.

The answer is simple, and explains it all:

"The Railroad's coming."

The grading of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road is in a forward state; track-laying is progressing at the rate of from half a mile to a mile a day. And so these enterprising people just went on ahead and built a town to have it all ready for the road when it gets here.

Driving up in front of a neat frame building which three weeks ago was nothing but a pile of lumber, I was surprised to find it the headquarters of an old friend, Judge MUSE, formerly of Zanesville, Ohio, who has established himself here in a general real estate business, and from what I saw I take it he is doing literally a "land office business," and if any of our readers want anything done in that line in this part of the State, I commend them to Judge MUSE as a reliable and competent gentleman.

Across the prairie, about half a mile distant, they pointed out to me the "ranche" of Captain SEBASTIAN, late of Cincinnati, and for two terms, I believe, Treasurer of that county. Said "ranche" consists of two very comfortable looking canvas tents, in which the Captain is domiciled for the purpose of making good his claim to a homestead. Here is a man who lost an arm in the service of his country, yet under the present homestead laws will be compelled to occupy his homestead five years before he gets a title to it. I insist again, as I have repeatedly done before in the columns of the BLADE, upon the amendment of this law so the time a man served in the army shall be deducted from the five years required to secure his final patent to a homestead.

I had never seen a six weeks old town before, so after a very good supper at the Newton Hotel, I took a walk through the principal "Avenue" (I believe there are no streets here yet) to see what it looked like. I found a wholesale and retail grocery with a large and fine-looking stock of goods, a dry-goods and a hardware store, a good bakery, a meat market, several restaurants, a blacksmith and a saddle and harness shop, a Doctor's office, a hotel in operation and another building, a small establishment with "LONE * SALOON" over the door, several canvas tents in which families were living until they could get their houses built, and the rest were residences. The carpenters are perhaps the busiest people in Newton, unless we except the teamsters who bring all the lumber, goods and other supplies from Florence, thirty miles distant. The town is so new that the prairie grass still grows in the avenues, but I don't think it can do so much longer. Until to-day, all the water used, has been brought from a small brook near by, but two wells were commenced yesterday, and this evening, at the depth of twelve feet, one of them struck a vein of clear and nearly soft water.

Such is this frontier town of only forty days' growth. But you ask, "What of its future? Will it continue to improve? Is it going to be a good business point?" I am no prophet, but I think I can answer your questions correctly. Newton will continue to improve in size and in business until the railroad gets here, and while this is its terminus. Then there will be another town started ten, fifteen or twenty miles ahead, just as this was, and Newton will have to stop growing awhile, until the settlement of the surrounding country compels it to take another start. You may *commence* a town on prospective business to be furnished by a railroad which is to come through it, and it will do very well for a time. But for *permanent* growth and prosperity it needs something more than that. And that something will come to Newton and all the rest of these new Railroad towns, with the sturdy settlers who will, ere many years, dot these grand prairies all over with their well-tilled farms. The tendency of our population is more to the towns and villages than to the country, hence these new places are at first always likely to become somewhat overgrown. But our farmers follow railroads as naturally as water runs down hill, so that the balance is presently restored, and town and country go on improving together.

But I have left a seventy-five miles gap in my journey, so let us go back that distance and I will tell you how I got to Newton and what I saw in coming.

Leaving Emporia, where my last letter was written, on the Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R. in company with D. L. LAKIN, Esq., Land Commissioner of that company, we came down to Florence, the present terminus of the road. Florence is another new town, forced into existence by the termination of the Railroad at that point. Three months ago there wasn't a house on the site, now there are more than a hundred, and the number is being increased every day. It has a bank, two or three hotels, an enterprising, but I fear rather rash, printer has started a newspaper in it, and, take it altogether, it is about as lively a business place for its size as you will find anywhere.

Here we organized ourselves into a pioneer party of two, I unanimously elected Mr. LAKIN, Commander-in-Chief of the expedition. We chartered a pair of horses and a light spring wagon, and getting ourselves, three bushels of oats, a water bucket and halters and lariats for the horses into the wagon, we launched out upon the prairie in the direction of Newton, thirty miles to the southwest.

At Florence there are very fine quarries of limestone, which has been used in the construction of several buildings in the village. For a considerable distance up the prairie I noticed this stone cropping out near the tops of the hills or bluffs, although none of it was to be seen upon the surface. Several kilns of it have been burned at Florence, and the lime is said to be of the first quality.

For eight or ten miles we followed the valley of Doyle creek, that stream being from half a mile to two miles to our left. Most of this distance it is skirted with a narrow belt of timber, but not of much value except for fire-wood. At the end of ten miles the timber disappears entirely, and until we reached the Little Arkansas, thirty-five miles further on, we did not see altogether more than a stout two-horse team could draw at a single load if it were cut into fire-wood.

This timber question is one I promised some eastern friends to examine carefully and report upon, and I have gathered from various sources some interesting and valuable information on the subject, but find I will not have room for it in this letter, and must, therefore, defer it to another.

At the end of this first ten miles, and just where the timber ceases, is the village of Coneburg, where a man who did not know how attempted to establish a small colony. He laid out his town, named it for himself, got a few people into it, and then apparently expected the balance of the work to do itself. Such an enterprise can't be carried to a success in that way. The people he had induced to come became dissatisfied with his way of doing things—or rather *not* doing them—bought some land adjoining his, which they laid out into town lots, upon which a number of buildings are being erected, and now they are about to change the name of the town to Peabody, thus completely snuffing out Mr. CONE and his *burg*. The situation is a pleasant one, and the village, by whatever name it may be called, can by proper management yet be made a success—not as a city or large town, but as a prosperous Railroad village.

"But what of the prairie?" you ask. Well, our day's ride from Florence to this place was through thirty miles of as fine prairie as I have ever seen. It is beautifully rolling, rising gradually here and there to the height of from thirty to fifty feet, and then sloping down again as gradually in another direction, thus affording the most complete and perfect natural drainage. In this entire thirty miles, I do not think there are ten acres that are not thus drained. Here and there these elevations terminate somewhat abruptly in bluffs, from twenty to thirty feet high, from which drops out limestone, most admirably adapted to building. At one of these places the Railroad Company has opened a quarry from which they are taking large quantities of stone for the abutments, and piers of bridges and culverts along the road. Just below this quarry, gushing out from the hill-side, is a strong spring of clear, cold water, by which we lingered for some time, quenching our thirst and enjoying the rippling of the little stream as it dropped over the rocks into the brook below.

This prairie is finely watered. Every mile or two we crossed a little stream of running water, none of them very large, but all never-failing and affording abundant water for any amount of stock. They are very crooked. One that I followed up for about half a mile, while our horses were taking their dinner of oats and desert of prairie grass, I verily believe in that distance ran towards all points of the compass. The banks are generally steep, and from six to ten feet high, out of which flow the springs by which the streams are fed.

The soil is generally good. Much of it, with proper culture, will produce as good corn as can be grown in Kansas. Of course it will not all do that, but what is not adapted to corn will bring abundant crops of the smaller grains, while the abundant running water makes it admirably adapted to stock-raising.

The Railroad Co. is selling lands through here at from $2.50 to $6 per acre, on eleven years' time, seven per cent. interest. Here's land for the landless on such easy terms that any man of ordinary industry can get a good farm. There are no homesteads to be had here.

But this letter is long enough; so of our ride over the prairies south-west of here down the Little Arkansas, of the immense herds of cattle we passed, and of various other matters I must tell you in my next. A. P. M.

Washington Letter.

Correspondence of the Blade.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN THIS DISTRICT—THE COLORED POPULATION—NEW DEPARTUAE—CABINET MEETING—JEFF. DAVIS—KU-KLUX—VALLANDIGHAM—POLITICAL.

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1871.

Our Assembly is discussing an educational bill which provides for compulsory attendance at the public schools by all children between certain ages; and the proposition naturally calls out pretty strong adverse views. Probably no such bill can pass, and probably no such bill is needed.

In the case of vagrancy, where children have been taught petty thieving, or have no visible means of support, there are, in some of our large cities, laws for taking them up and putting them in institutions where their support and education are provided for, and they are trained up in habits of industry away from their parents and the vile associations with which they were surrounded.

But compulsory education, such as this bill provides for, is not known in the United States, and is certainly not suited to the habits or genius of our people, among whom the idea of freedom is always uppermost. Nor does it seem to me to be at all needed. It is true that the Governor put before the Assembly some pretty strong facts, showing that not half the children were in school, and that there was not school accommodations provided for them if they desired to be in school.

But, when it is remembered that our colored population have only just been released from slavery; that they are generally very poor, and pick up an uncertain subsistence by days' work, and must use their children more or less in helping take care of the family, making attendance at school very irregular; and that they have never been trained to habits of self-reliance, and know little about what is necessary for the future success of their children, the wonder will not be that so few are at school, but that education is the aim of so many.

It is, in fact, something curious to witness the changes which are taking place here in this regard, and the eagerness manifested by the colored people to get at the elements of learning. Of course there are some exceptions, but as a general thing they are everywhere rushing to school; and a large part of the adults are also learning to read and write by such various means as they can command. Some in Sunday schools, some in night schools, some by carrying the magic letters in their pockets and consulting them at moments of leisure, &c., &c.

But it is always difficult for very poor people to keep their children regularly in school, and it will require a generation or two to bring about that regularity which occurs in New England and the West. What is wanted, however, seems to be opportunity, and not compulsion. Indeed a system of compulsion would, probably reveal so many cases of hardship as to give rise to agitation against it and insure its repeal. I should say that the District was doing wonders in the way of education. Gov. Cook complains, in his message, that the school buildings are extemporized from shops and barns and churches; but that only shows how suddenly the increased facilities were demanded and with what alacrity they were provided. What we want most is better schools and better school buildings.

The New York *Day Book*, a Democratic paper of the strictest sort, speaks of the "new departure" as the "crab movement" of the party, indicating that it is a dishonest and crafty episode, aside from the right line of Democratic progress.

The Cabinet meeting yesterday was attended by the President and all the Secretaries, save only the Attorney General. It is not understood that the meeting had any particular significance, but was wholly in the line of routine duties. Some information was communicated in reference to the treaty, which was understood to be progressing to the satisfaction of the government.

In the days of dullness the appearance of Jefferson Davis on the stage of public affairs, is a relief to the press, much as it is deprecated by the public. The result seems to show that the Rebel President is not much of a favorite, even in the States which he ruled with such despotic sway. They seem to adhere more to his treason than to his person, and it is evident that he can never again be a leader however much he may embody the views of Southern Rebels.

The information received from the South, as well through the ordinary sources as through the "outrage committee," goes to show that the operations of the Ku-Klux are diminishing and that the authorities are doing more to repress the doings of this dangerous organization. What is wanted is a public sentiment in favor of order and law, and this is being developed more and more as it becomes evident that the outrages are hurting the party. Then the 'new departure' shows how little dependence is to be placed on the Democracy of the North.

The news of Vallandigham's accident reached Washington this morning and causes general regret. It is to be hoped that it will not result in another "new departure."

Everything political is exceedingly quiet, and there is no important movement of any sort; but it is easy to see that the tone of public sentiment has undergone a great change, and that the opposition to President Grant has greatly softened. San Domingo seems to have dropped out of sight and will not probably produce the same antagonisms again. When it comes up next winter, it will mainly be on its merits; and on that basis the interest is small. BUCKEYE.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Vallandigham Funeral.

DAYTON, O., June 21.—The funeral of the late Hon. C. L. Vallandigham to day was of a most imposing character, and was probably the largest which has ever taken place in the State of Ohio. The procession was about two miles in length and was composed of persons of all political parties and walks of life.

Business in many parts of the city was suspended during the passage of the funeral cortege, and the city buildings and many private residences were draped in mourning.

The pall-bearers were Hon. A. G. Tourman, Hon. S. G. Cox, Hon. Geo. E. Pugh, Hon. Geo. W. M'Cook, Judge Gilmore, Gen. O. C. Maxwell, John Howard, Samuel Craighead, Ethu Thompson, D. K. Boyer, W. H. Gillespie and B. A. Hank.

Many distinguished gentlemen from all parts of the Union were present and participated in the ceremonies. Chief Justice Chase was prevented from being present by ill-health.

The funeral services at the residence were conducted by Rev. E. P. Wright, of the Episcopal Church. He was buried by the Masonic Fraternity, Grand High Priest, Charles C. Kiefer, officiating.

GALVESTON, June 19.—L. S. Friend, Agent of the Kiowa Indians, writes a letter to Governor Davis of this State, in which he says it is evident that during the coming summer there will be witnessd more extensive ravages of the frontiers of Texas than for many years past. Almost all the Indians of this Agency and the Cheyennes of another, have left and are now on the war-path. We learn from Indians coming in frequently that other bands of Comanches who do not belong here are also very active and that the plains are black with Apaches constantly.

The increasing depredations on the Northwestern frontier corroborates their statements. The Apaches have been coming down the waters of the Colorado, and further south, and it is most likely that the depredations committed on the far south were by them. We learn also that there is a rendezvous west of the reservation, in what is called Run Island, Texas. There traders from New Mexico meet the Indians and furnish them with arms and ammunition in exchange for horses and cattle. There are 2,400 braves and warriors inclusive, all between fifteen years and the oldest fighting men.

In an interview between Generals Sheridan, Morey, Grierson, and the agent at the Saturn Reservation, it was shown as an indispensable fact that the Indians belonging to that reservation were hostile to, and are now on the war path against the people of Texas. General Sheridan asserted that the Indians, having so frequently broken their treaty, should be declared outlaws, and the government should cease to care for them, and sequestrate their lands, and punish them as their enormities deserve, and that he should so recommend.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—An official letter received at the Treasury Department from Monroe, La., dated the 13th, says excessive rains have fallen throughout Louisiana since April 14th, and large portions of the parishes bordering on the Mississippi, Ouachita, Red and Black rivers are under water. Bridges and ferry boats have been carried away, and mail routes have been abandoned, or if the mail bags are carried through they are first opened and relieved of all official packages, which are left in some stable or outhouse to rot. Advices from Shreveport, state that nothing has been received from this office since the 13th of May.

The prospect for a cotton crop is exceedingly discouraging. Planters in the swamps have been compelled to replant many times. In many cases, the last planting having failed, they have abandoned the enterprise. In more favorable localities the system is so indifferent that no more than half a crop can be had. The prospect for corn is equally unfavorable. The condition of the ground has prevented planters from working, and weeds and grass have become deeply rooted, and threaten the corn. The general prospect is gloomy.

Political agitation continues and a bitter feeling is entertained by the largest portions of whites toward the blacks and offenses against the State government have become intensified in this immediate vicinity by the results of the recent local election. At any time within the past ten days a conflict seemed unavoidable, and threats have been freely indulged. Both parties are well supplied with arms and appear eager for a conflict. Bands of armed men are reported ready, and only waiting for the summons to begin the work of bloodshed. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, planters and officials attend to their business with revolvers within easy reach. Notwithstanding all this, I trust the crisis is past, but should not be surprised if the difficulty culminated in bloodshed any time.

Workmen commenced to break ground to-day, for the new State Department building.

The Treasury Department estimates that the receipts from Internal Revenue, for the next fiscal year in the State of New York, will be $21,108,000, of which $10,370,000 is expected from New York and Brooklyn.

It is stated that Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister, has been compelled to defer his visit to England on account of instructions from the Home office, not to leave Washington until further particulars are received concerning the Corean difficulty. Similar instructions have also been received by Baron Jerolt.

The Grand Lodge of Master Masons of the State of New York have made the following appointments of grand officers, which, with those elected at the annual communication, will constitute the Grand Lodge for the ensuing term. The Committees on Foreign Correspondence and on the proposed New Constitution were also announced. Grand Officers: R. W. Charles Roome, New York, Grand Marshal; R. W. Cornelius Haselstyn, Hudson, Grand Standard Bearer; R. W. William R. Brown, Matteawan, Grand Sword Bearer; R. W. Philip Meakle, New York, R. W. Joseph Roch, New York, R. W. D. W. Talcott, West Troy, and R. W. Isaac H. Brown, New York, Grand Stewards; R. W. John D. Servias, Amsterdam, Senior Grand Deacon, and R. W. Charles E. Young, Buffalo, Junior Grand Deacon.

A reporter, in an interview yesterday with one of the leaders of the International Workingmen's Society in this country, was informed that the society is rapidly spreading in the United States. There are twelve sections in New York alone, composed not only of French but also of English, Irish, German, Swiss and American working men. The leader predicted the abolition of war and the mastery of the labor field by artisans.

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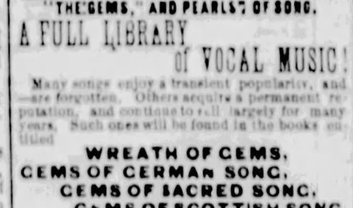
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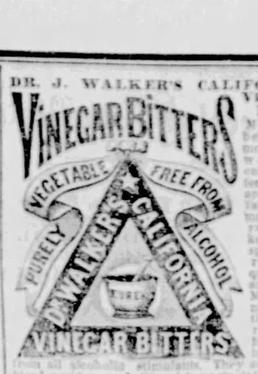

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FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.
Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system are effectually destroyed and removed. For Directions, Pamphlets, &c., see Circulars around each bottle.
H. H. MCDONALD & CO., Druggists, Cor. Battery and Washington Sts., San Francisco, Cal., and 32 Commerce St., N. Y.

GUFFROY'S
COD LIVER DRAGEES.
SUGAR-COATED PILLS OF COD LIVER EXTRACT.
A perfect substitute for Cod Liver Oil—more efficacious, more economical, and free from all its disagreeable qualities. Highly recommended by many eminent Physicians who have tried them for Consumption, Debility, Costiveness, Scrofula, &c., &c.
The following letters are specimens of Testimonials received daily:
PARIS, Edgar Co., Ill., April 5, 1870.
MESSRS WARD, SOUTHERLAND & CO. GENTS—Please send at once to Rev. Samuel Newell, D.D., Paris, Ill., two boxes of your excellent Cod Liver Dragees. They are the best thing in the shape of medicine my father has ever used. Yours truly,
W. M. NEWELL, M. D.
NEWBERN, Va., July 15, 1869.
MESSRS WARD, SOUTHERLAND & CO.—I have prescribed your Dragees of Cod Liver Extract in a great many cases, and I have secured results from their use that I could not have obtained from Cod Liver Oil. W. H. BRAMSLITT, M. D.
A bottle of 60 Dragees, equal to 1½ pints Cod Liver Oil 75c. A bottle of 120 Dragees, equal to 3 pints Cod Liver Oil, $1.25. A bottle of 240 Dragees, equal to 6 pints Cod Liver Oil, $2.
Obtainable of Druggists generally, and of the Wholesale Agents for the United States.
Sent by mail in boxes free of postage on receipt of price. M. WARD & CO., 32 Platt street N. Y.
may25w1yr-64

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.
Sects and creeds differ, but there are no dissenters from the general principle that a great medicine is a great blessing. We have many of these blessings, but among them all, in the province to which it belongs, no greater than Tarrant's Efferv

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1871.

Terms of Subscription.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

Published every Thursday and sent to subscribers by mail, at the following rates:

One copy, one year.....$2 00
" " six months..... 1 00
" " three months..... 50
Clubs of five.....$1 75 each.
" ten or more..... 1 50 "

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

ON TRIAL.—In order to introduce the BLADE where it is not now known, we will send it ON TRIAL, in clubs of five or more, three months, for fifty cents each, and an extra copy to the person sending the club.

Rates of Advertising!

IN THE

WEEKLY BLADE

Ordinary advertisements (Nonpariel solid) 50 cents per line, each insertion.

Special Notices (Nonpariel leaded) 75 cents per line, each insertion.

Editorial or Business Notices, (Minion leaded,) 80 cents per line, each insertion.

Twelve lines Nonpariel solid make one inch.

The average number of words (Nonpariel solid) in an inch is 90; 22 inches make a column.

Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent. additional.

No advertisement inserted for less than $1.

Objionable advertisements not accepted.

The Blade for the Campaign of 1871.

Elsewhere will be found the announcement of the publishers of the BLADE for the campaign of 1871, to which we call the attention of all good Republicans in the States holding elections this fall.

The struggle this fall will, in its results, be the most important of any for years. The Democracy have not yielded one jot of their designs—they have not abated one particle of their hatred of the distinctive principles of Republicanism. They are as determined as ever to nullify and make void the amendments, and to undo all that the Republican party has done for the advancement of the country. They hope by carrying the elections this fall to make it easy to carry the Presidential election in 1872, and thereby to gain control of the Executive power of the Government and at least one branch of the Legislative.

We ask our Republican friends to place the BLADE in the hands of every Republican. A little enthusiasm in the conduct of the campaign means victory, decisive and sweeping.—To produce this—to get out our full vote—will be our aim. The BLADE has always wielded an enormous power. Realizing and appreciating the magnitude of the interests involved in the struggle this fall we shall make it more effective than ever.

Republicans! Now is the time to begin! Raise a club for the BLADE at every Postoffice! Flood the country with it.

☞ See prospectus on fifth page.

ATTENTION! THE WHOLE LINE!

In the course of the present summer five of the States of this Union elect State officers, and twenty-seven other States hold elections in the course of the three autumn months. Of these thirty-two States not more than five of them ought to be conceded as Democratic. To twenty-seven of these States the Republican party is entitled, and only a reasonable amount of diligence and vigilance is necessary to quiet all dispute to the validity of our claim. But the question of title and possession as to several of them is to be tried in the canvass now beginning in most of them, and the decision will be given before the ides of November next shall end. The enemy is trying now to wrest the title from us by false claims and issues, and we must resist this attempt by every means in our power. The real contest for the Presidency occurs between the two great parties, not in 1872, but in the period we have indicated of the year 1871.

We do not design to enter the lists this year in a boastful and over-confident spirit. The prospect is fair and promising enough, if the Republicans of these States prepare with forethought, and move with energy and resolution on the foe. We have a chance for victory in the fight, but not of getting along without one. We feel confident of the result when all the conditions upon which victory depends are complied with. But if we mistake in planning the campaign, or fail in the vigor of our movements, several of these States may be placed beyond our control for the all important contest of 1872. We mean that several of the States are close ones, and the change of a few votes, one way or the other, in some of these States in the coming fall, will determine their political status in 1872. Hence the importance of so arranging for and so conducting the contest on our part, in every State, as to secure every possible advantage, and prevent the enemy from gaining influence and strength through our remissness or lack of energy.

Nor do we wish to enter this campaign relying upon what is called strategy or management—or, rather, the strategy and management we would use is not that which is generally called such. The management we desire to have employed is a faithful, clear and complete presentation of the facts of the political situation of the country and the time, an unsparing exposition of the frauds and fallacies of our opponents, and a vigorous advocacy of the glorious and self-vindicating principles on which our party is organized. Our strategy should be to have our pickets well out, our sentinels well posted, and capable leaders everywhere in command. We want every man at his post, and nothing left to uncertain happening. It will not do to pursue anywhere the Fabian policy of "masterly inactivity." We need to advance upon the foe in good order, and with the confidence which truth and patriotism inspires. We must rely upon argument and persuasion. The light of our torches must illumine every township, every school district, every neighborhood in all these States. The productions of the press—the Republican journals of the day—the speeches of our leading orators, should be placed in the hands of every reading man and woman in the country. And every man who can make a common sense, convincing argument in public speech or private conversation, must talk to his doubtful neighbors and urge upon them the patriotic duty of casting their votes for the permanency of our free institutions, and the perpetuation of the good results the Republican party has secured in and for our government. All voters are not reading men, and many who read depend upon some one to put the truth contained in the printed page in their way. Many patriotic men are so occupied with their own engagements and business that they only wake up to the importance of an election when their attention is loudly called to the subject. Hence the need of a masterly, vigorous activity.

We therefore call to our friends in all these States, as far as our voice may reach, "Attention! the whole Line!" Now is the time to organize campaign associations, to hold meetings, distribute documents, and start the ball of discussion into lively motion through the land. We cannot begin too early, nor keep too vigilant an eye upon our foes.

We are well aware that a party in control of the Federal Administration must be thrown more less upon the defensive. But we have a cause that can be defended. We can stand upon our record and fling defiance in the faces of our accusers. We can point to the record of the Democratic party—a record of servility to despots, of treachery to freedom, of perfidy to the Union—of sympathy with secession and treason—of indifference to the claims of the defenders of the national cause. We can point to the character of the company they keep, in the persons of their Southern allies and helpers. In short, we can again rouse and thrill the nation with the force of our appeals. In our cause we have all the elements of an earnest and effective campaign. There are plenty of shot in the locker, we only want the guns well manned and operated.

Our enemy promises to give us an active campaign and we are glad that such an intention has been avowed. We take up the guantlet, and call upon our hosts to move forward. Let the States which have yet to make their nominations follow the example of Ohio, by filling up their tickets with men capable of making a vigorous canvass before the people. Let our candidates bring strength and not weakness to the cause. The curse of a strong cause too often is having to bear too many dead weights. This our friends should every where avoid. With good men in the lead, with good principles and patriotic purposes, with a record we can compare with that of any party that ever existed since governments were formed, and an active, aggressive canvass on our part, we shall certainly be victors both this year and the next.

POLITICAL TEMERITY.

Our Democratic cotemporary at Napoleon, the *Northwest*, has been guilty of a degree of political temerity, which a more cautious partisan would scarcely venture upon. He ventures to lay before his readers some of the truly Republican doctrines enunciated in the first inaugural address of THOMAS JEFFERSON, and assures his readers that they comprise all there is of the creed of the Democratic party of to-day. The *Northwest* says of this JEFFERSONIAN creed: "These doctrines were good enough for JEFFERSON; they were good enough for the the country during the golden period, and all we ask is a return to those sacred principles. They guided this government through an unexampled period of happiness and prosperity, and it was only upon the abandonment of these doctrines that misfortunes fell upon the country, north and south." For once we are happy to agree with our Democratic neighbor. And for this time, we think what is good doctrine for the *Northwest* is equally good for the BLADE.—Hence we copy JEFFERSON'S "principles" as given by our neighbor:

"Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political.

The support of the State governments in all their rights as the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies.

The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.

A jealous care of the right of election by the people.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principal of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.

The supremacy of the civil over the military authority.

Economy in public expenses, that labor may be lightly burdened.

Encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its hand-maid.

The honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservance of the public faith.

The diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason.

Freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trials by jury impartially selected."

This was sound Republican doctrine in the days of JEFFERSON and it is as good now as it ever was. But it does not read like any Democratic platform ever adopted at any Ohio Eighth of January Convention, or at any national Convention of that party. Hence we are astonished that the *Northwest* should venture to enlighten the Democracy of Henry county by telling them what JEFFERSON really did believe in. We commend this as excellent reading for all who wish to understand what Democracy was before that party became the medium for the operations of slavery propagandists and secessionists. The *Northwest* will do a good thing if it changes its course so radically as to teach for Democracy only what was embraced in JEFFERSON'S creed. But if it intends to advocate the Ku-Klux Democracy of the present day, it has committed an act of temerity in giving this extract to the world. JEFFERSON'S words in the mouth of a modern Democrat are as dangerous as edged tools are in the hands of an infant. If he would avoid damage he must use extreme caution.

THE CONVENTION.

For numbers, zeal and enthusiasm the State Convention of yesterday was without a parallel in the history of political gatherings in Ohio. From every county in the State full delegations were in attendance, and, what is better, they brought with them most cheering assurances of the revived interest which the members of the party feel in the cause we are banded together to sustain and carry forward. The campaign starts off with a power and momentum quite unusual of late years, and this is an almost infallible indication of a successful campaign on our part.

Democratic party polls its strength either in an apathetic campaign than it does in a stirring one, but the experience of the Republican party is just the reverse of this. The impression among too many of the voters of our party is that we are strong enough at a State election without making special effort. This feeling of false security often proves fatal to us.—The Legislature of Ohio was lost to the party in 1862 by means of this false confidence. We had the same experience in 1867. Ohio is a Republican State, by a majority of its legal voters. All we want for success is a united party, unweakened by local divisions, and a full vote, to make us successful.

The work of the Convention seems to have been carefully considered and very wisely accomplished. In the composition of a ticket an eye was kept on every consideration essential to success. On the ticket we have men of ability and men who have been so identified with our cause as to leave no doubt of their reliability. The different positions are distributed over the State with as much fairness as is usually attained, and the names on the ticket are strong in influence in the sections they represent. The platform is a frank and fair statement of the principles and purposes of the party, concerning which our views are given at length in another place. The Executive Committee is continued under the efficient chairmanship of Hon. R. D. HARRISON, a fact which is a cause of congratulation to all Republicans of the State. All that diligence, energy and skillful management can do for our success will certainly be done to make the campaign a success.

The Convention has done its work well. Let the District and County Conventions follow its example, and wisely plan and work for victory. We must enter into this canvass with our eyes open to the fact that we have a vigilant foe to meet, and that we have no strength to waste. Let our district and county tickets be arranged with a view to strength at the polls, and the complete harmony of all friends of the cause. As the Convention at Columbus filled up its ticket with popular, energetic men, capable of making an active and stirring canvass of the State, let our local conventions do likewise. There is no dearth of honest, popular and capable men. Let the people look out such men, if they do not offer themselves, and draft them into the service. If such a course be pursued, and the central committees of the various counties work earnestly, and in harmony with the State Committee, we shall elect our State Ticket and also a Republican General Assembly by such a majority as shall leave no doubt on the minds of either friend or foe as to the position Ohio will occupy in the campaign of 1872.

THE STATE PLATFORM.

In the construction of a platform for the Republicans of Ohio there was little call for any attempt at skill or originality. All that is needed is a plain and simple statement of what the party has done since it had control of the government, and of its determination to be still guided by the same essential principles that have heretofore controlled its course. The party has been long enough in power to make a record for itself. Of that record it is proud, and, whether in defeat or victory, no man concerned in making it will ever look upon that record with other feelings than those of patriotic pride and satisfaction. A party must be judged chiefly by those principles and measures it holds in contrast with those of the opposing party. The defects which honest and independent Republicans have discovered and criticised as occurring in the course of affairs, and which the opposing party makes the most of, are only incidental, of minor and trivial moment, and only such errors as have occurred, and may always be expected to occur, while human nature is no better than it is. Our *distinctive* record we have no need to apologize for in any particular. And the Ohio Convention assembled at a time when it could look on the concessions of our old and implacable political foes, reluctantly and insincerely as they were made, with pride and exultation. The "new departure" of the Democratic Convention was either a swindling attempt to gain power under false pretences, or else it was a cowardly surrender of what they have always called their vital principles. If it was wrong to free the slave, to make all men free and equal before the law, to provide for the sacred fulfillment of our obligation to pay the national debt, and, to forbid the attempt of any State or the federal government to pay the confederate debt, and to provide for the enfranchisement of black men on the same same terms with white men, then the Democracy have made a cowardly surrender of principle. If they intend to retire from the contest, believing those amendments to the Constitution to be wrong, they are false to their ideas of right. If they made their "new departure" as a deception to hide their real purposes, they attempt a fraud, and should be accordingly denounced by all who love honesty and fair dealing. In framing a platform for the party of freedom, it was only necessary, therefore, to point to our history as approved by the patriotic men of the country, and so decidedly and emphatically approved that even the Democracy is compelled to say that it will no longer make a contest on the measures it has always denounced as most obnoxious.

In reference to the measures which distinguish the two parties our trumpet gives no uncertain sound. With no blush upon our faces we point to what we have accomplished for the Union, for freedom, for political equality, for the rights of man, for the disabled soldier, for the cause of education among the lowly of the land, and for reform in the government. As evidence of our ability to conduct all departments of the government we point to the decrease of the public debt, the reduction of taxation, to a currency free from fluctuations and of uniform value throughout the country. We point to the successful efforts of the administration, through a wise diplomacy, to keep the war demon from ravaging the great nations of the earth. A military chieftain, of almost unequalled fame, has shown himself conspicuously as a preserver of the peace. This is a sufficient answer to those who proclaimed him in advance, as a military despot, who should be dreaded as a foe to the liberties of mankind. The men who made these slanderous predictions did not believe them, and it anybody was ever deceived by them the developments of time sufficiently set the truth before them.

On the tariff, and internal revenue the Convention simply reaffirm the practical, common sense view which the necessities of the country now require to be taken. This is no time to indulge in theories of any sort. If we were free from debt, then we might give some attention to experiments and speculations. As it is we have a large revenue to raise, and in order to raise what is absolutely necessary we should so adjust the imports as to favor and not hinder home industry in its competitions with foreign capital and labor. The Convention declared that taxes should not be oppressive to any interest, and that duties should be arranged to encourage home industry. This is the view which sensible and practical men of all parties are disposed to take of this subject.

The Convention, in its condemnation of land subsidies, its declaration in favor of keeping the public lands for actual settlers, its endorsement of the civil service reform, its approbation of the State and national administrations, and in favor of a wise magnanimity to the ex rebels, and of full protection for loyal men everywhere, are fair and complete expressions of the sentiments and purposes of the Republicans of Ohio.

The Convention did well to keep all subsidiary and non-political questions out of the platform. We have a record which is in itself a platform of strength and solidity. Our candidates are true men, and we have no dread of the result of the canvass in which we are about to engage.

THE CROP PROSPECTS.

The telegraphic news we give to-day, refer to the condition and prospects of the Summer crops in the West and Northwest. The yield of wheat is likely to be below the average of former years. The damage done by recent storms is not so great as was at first apprehended, and the few days intervening before the commencement of the wheat harvest may change the prospects for the better. There is complaint of rust in the wheat in many places, and other localities complain of damage from excessive rains, wind-storms, and other causes. The potato crop in Ohio has been injured some by the Colorado bug, but there will probably be a fair yield after the bugs have done their worst. The weather of the last two weeks has been excellent for bringing forward the growing corn.

THE CAMPAIGN IN IOWA.

Of all the States in the Union, none bear the Republican banner more gallantly and unflinchingly than the State of Iowa. The Republicans of that State held their Convention and organized for the fall campaign on the same day that the Ohio State Convention was held.—The following ticket was nominated: C. C. CARPENTER for Governor by acclamation; H. C. BUTLER, Lieutenant Governor; JAMES D. GRAY, Judge of the Supreme Court; Colonel ANSON ABERNETHY, Superintendent of Public Instruction. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the Republican party, congratulating the country upon the adjustment of difficulties with Great Britain, favoring protection on the basis of revenue tariff, a uniform system of taxation in the State, the control of railroads by the Legislature, and the annexation of St. Domingo when the people of that Island desire it; endorsing and approving GRANT'S administration; favoring the encouragement of the agricultural interests of the State and the modification of the revenue system to mitigate the burdens of taxation; opposing subsidies and endorsing the State administration. We will hear a good report from Iowa in the month of October.

☞ Raise a club of Campaign subscribers for the BLADE. Don't delay.

THE COLORADO POTATO BUG.

The Colorado Potato Bug still continues an exciting topic. Since our last notice of the features of the campaign, we have received the following: IRA ALEXANDER, of Dover, Ind., writes the BLADE:

I see in the different journals and newspapers how to kill, prevent, and destroy the Colorado Potato Bug. I have thoroughly tested Pa is Green and wheat flour, one part of the Green to five of flour. This will kill the bugs, but will also kill the potato vines. The bugs will return again in about three days. So I think the best plan is not to plant the same ground every year, but to have next year's field as far as possible from the field planted this season. I have tried it this year and planted buckwheat in the hills. My potatoes are bugless and doing well. I advise farmers to try planting buckwheat in the potato hills.

JOHN HUBBARD, Dundee, Michigan, writes as follows:

The Colorado Potatoe Bugs can be destroyed by turning your poultry in your patch. I have one-half an acre, and my hens got in a notion of going in the potatoes, and they have cleaned out the old and young bugs so that there is not a bug to be seen on the vines, and my potatoes look well. I believe if every farmer would take a little time and bait his hens in his potatoes with some corn, that they would get in the notion of eating the bugs.

Pratt's Astral Oil took the first premium for safest and best oil at American Institute Fair for 1869 and 1870. This should be remembered by all who use kerosene. It is undoubtedly the safest illuminating oil ever made. Oil House of CHAS. PRATT, 108 Fulton St., N. Y., established 1770.

☞ Raise a club of Campaign subscribers for the BLADE. Don't delay.

THE HORSE DISEASE.

As diseases which break out among horses and cattle in the east seldom are confined to the places where they are first developed there is a possibility that the malady which has proved so fatal in New York, within a few weeks, may find its way to the country. Hence considerable inquiry is made as to the symptoms, history and character of the disease. A man claiming a large experience says that the disease which has broken out among the horses in New York city is not, as was at first supposed, a malady of recent origin, but has long been known in Algeria and other parts of northern Africa, where the horses have from time to time suffered severely from its effects. The Bedouins term it *Borale*, and attribute it to an inflammation of the bowels, caused by the inhalation of the sands of the desert. The endemic has also made at different times frightful inroads among the cavalry of the French Army stationed in Africa. The French designated it as an inflammation of the stomach, and called it *paraphlegie*. Their treatment is an injection of turpentine and sulphate of zinc, with boluses of tar-balls administered at short intervals, which are said to be very successful. We give these statements as we find them, hoping they may contribute to enlighten the public, and tend to prevent the spread of a malady productive of such alarming havoc.

☞ The *World* says Mr. BOUTWELL'S new loan "is undoubtedly a failure." only "$70,000,000 of the five per cents. having found purchasers." But the *Tribune* takes another view of the matter. "We do not," says that paper, "regard it as a failure" that nearly $70,000,000 of six per cents. have been converted into fives, saving $700,000 per annum to the country. "There will not be much grumbling if Mr. BOUTWELL keeps on failing in this way."

THE SMITH PATENT TRUSS BRIDGE.

We feel that we are doing the people of the United States a benefit in calling the attention of county officers to the Smith Patent Truss Bridge.

This bridge is built upon an entirely new principle, which gives the maximum of strength and durability, with the minimum of cost. It has been adopted by the Commissioners of the following counties in Ohio: Franklin, Scioto, Putnam, Richland, Ashland, Shelby, Miami, and others. In Miami County there are fifteen of these bridges in use, and to show the estimation in which they are held, we subjoin the following statement, from the auditor of the County:

TROY, OHIO, January 27th, 1870.

R. W. SMITH, Esq., Toledo, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 22d inst. is duly received, and in answer I would say the contractors have but two of the six bridges completed, which were let on your plan last summer. The favorable opinion of your Bridge is fully as strong as ever. We have now in use in this county *fifteen Bridges*, being all the Bridges that have been built in the county since January, 1867. They have stood every test, and our Commissioners still intend to have all the Bridges needed in the County, built on your plan, regarding it as the best in point of Strength, Permanency and Cheapness in use.

GEORGE C. CLYDE,
Auditor of Miami County, Ohio.

In Miami County, Indiana, the company have built two large bridges, upon which the Commissioners report as follows:

PERU, IND., Jan 27th, 1870.

There having been one of Smith's Patent Truss Bridges, (250 feet Single Span,) in use in this County one year, constructed by Wheelock, McKay & Co., which rendered perfect satisfaction, the undersigned were induced to have another of the same patent, (Single Span 240 feet,) manufactured by the Smith Bridge Company, of Toledo, Ohio, which was this day by us examined, and is certainly a model Bridge. We consider these Bridges a decided improvement, especially when long spans are desired.

J. R. LEONARD,
WILLIAM ZEHRING,
R. C. HARRISON,
Board of Commissioners Miami Co, Ind.

We have personally examined the above mentioned Bridges, and fully concur in the preceding statement.

M. D. ELLIS, Auditor Miami Co., Ind.
W. B. LOUGHRIDGE, Editor Sentinel.
G. J. REED, Editor Republican.

The bridges over almost all the rivers in Nebraska, are being built by the Smith Company, and after a most searching comparison the Atlantic & Lake Erie Railroad have adopted the Smith Truss for all the bridges on their entire line.

The Company now have the most extensive works in the United States, at Toledo, Ohio, with the latest improved machinery for their manufacture. This combined with the cheapness of lumber, enables them to build cheaper than any other Company in the country.

County officers who have bridges to build, large or small, should address "Smith Bridge Company, Toledo, Ohio," and examine the plan before awarding contracts.

SENATOR SHERMAN, in his speech at the mass meeting in Columbus after the Convention, showed the hypocrisy of the Democracy in a brief and searching compend of their profession and action. Of the first seven resolutions, he said the best thing which has been said concerning them when he remarked that "they remind one of the famous group of bronze horses at Milan. They appear eager to 'depart,' in every direction, but go nowhere." Of the Democratic party, he said:

"They talk about a revenue tariff and wise tax laws, and yet no member of their party in Congress ever proposed either, but oppose every measure offered by us. When we repeal eighty millions of taxes, they vote against it. When we devise new guards against fraud, they vote for every extravagant expenditure. They would load us down with Rebel losses in the war. They seize upon every popular cry—here one thing and there another. In Ohio it is 'greenbacks;' in New York it is 'specie payment;' in Pennsylvania it is 'Protection;' here it is a 'New Departure;' in the south it is 'a perpetual war against the Amendments, and death to the Negro;' with the Irish it is 'Fenianism;' in Kentucky it is 'the resolutions of '98, slightly revised, with Jeff. Davis and his powerful following it is 'disorder, war and disunion.' Let any impartial man look over the whole field of national and state politics; let him look at the dangerous elements comprising that party; let him consider what they would probably do if placed in power; let him combine in one caldron all the ingredients, and say, upon his oath, is it wise and politic yet to turn over to the Democratic party the administration of the affairs of a great nation like ours.

SUPERIOR THRESHING MACHINE.—Farmers and others in want of a threshing machine would do well to send for a catalogue of Harder's Machine, advertised in another column, of which John Stanton Gould, President of the New York State Agricultural Society, said, "They are the best ever made," and the same testimony has been borne by equally good authority in all sections of the country from Maine to California.

Probably the first instance in history of a woman having been buried with military honors was that of Miss Esther Johnson, a young English woman connected with the German ambulance service, who died recently at Chalons, and was buried with military honors by the Prussians.

☞ Raise a club of Campaign subscribers for the BLADE. Don't delay.

The Nasby Letters.

The New Departure Again—Mr. Nasby tries once more to get his People into Line, and is just at the Point of Success, when Joe Bigler—

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(WICH IS IN THE STATE UV OF KENTUCKY)
June 24, 1871.

Hevin been instructid that the Noo Departure wich wuz inauguratid by the lamentid VALLANDYGUM, wuz to be made a middle plank in the Dimekratic platform, I tried our people a second time on it, determined for once at least to be squarely up with the times. They kicked viciously whenever I menshund it.

"Wat!" sed Deekin POGRAM, "am I, in my old age, after a life-time uv struggle with Ablishnism, to confess the nigger my ekal—to assoshiate with him, eat with him, vote with him! Never!"

"Hell!" ejakilated ISSAKER GAVITT, "am I to sink all my Dimocrisy and make my politikle bed with the nigger! Never!"

And Captin MCPELTER, and Elder PENNIBACKER, and all uv em, remarked similar.

I re soned with these men. I told em that the nigger wuz a citizen now—that he did vote anyhow, and wat wuz wuss there wuz a lively prospeck that he wood continyoo votin *ad infinytum*. The Dimocrisy cood never get into power okkepyin its present posishun, and ez the principle principles uv the Democrisy wuz to git into power, why not shift to accomplish that pint? "For instance, I confess I want the Post Offis; ISSAKER GAVITT feels that the country needs his services ez Assessor, and Captain MCPELTER wood accept the posishun uv Collector. Ef the new departure is the way to them posishuns why no walk therein? Success is wat we want, and wat we must hev. Besides when we've got the power, ef the idea don't soot us I spose there is sich a thing ez goin back on the arrangement."

That little orashun fetched em. ISSAKER sed he wuz willin, Captain MCPELTER immejitly expressed hisself delited with it, and ez we all owe BASCOM, he insisted on it. Deekin POGRAM and the rest uv em still hung out obstinit, but they wuz easily settled. BASCOM merely remarkt, "New departure, gentlemen, or no likker," and they succumbed. What a wonderful power that man wields! Wat an enviable posishen he holds—the only grosery for four miles!

I never do things by halves. Immejitly I told our people that this thing wood hev to be done in good faith. The niggers and people from the North resident in the Corners, must be met in the sperit uv friendlinis, and the rite hand uv fellowship must be extended to em. They must be convinst that we are in earnest. To that end I arranged for a quiet re-union the next evenin at BASCOM'S—a sort uv a soshel meetin to wich all uv them classes wuz to be invited.

It workt well. The niggers wuz all there, and a half dozen uv Northern whites also. It was a cheerin site to see Deekin POGRAM and Elder PENNIBACKER minglin with em freely, shaking hands with em, and pattin em on the shoulder, and conversin with em easily and without any reserve whatever. They played it beautiful and the niggers took it in dead earnest.

JOE BIGLER and POLLOCK wuz there, uv course, and they appeared ez pleased ez the rest uv em. POLLOCK lay back on a chair with one eye shut, exclaimin "Glory! aint it beautiful," while JOE BIGLER, swearin that things wuz now jest ez they should be, and that under this arrangement he cood act with the Democracy once more, invited us all to take a drink. Instantly every man uv us rushed to the bar and we all drank to "the noo departure" and immejitly resumed our pleasant talk with the niggers.

In perhaps ten minutes JOE sed that this wuz the proudest moment uv his life. The people uv the Cross-Roads, his native place, wuz at last livin in harmony and wuz all brothers. The white, the black, the Northern man and the Southern man wuz all standin on the same platform, in peace.

"Troo! troo! JOSEF," sed I graspin a perfikelerly black nigger by the hand, "it is ez it shood be. Thank Heven for this blessed day!"

"I jine yoo in your thankfulness," sed JOSEF. "Ef I hed a flag I wood wave it, but ez I hevn't a flag—let's take a drink!"

There wuz another rush, and after the drink we resoomed our conversashen with the niggers.

"BASCOM," sed JOE, "to save time, spose you put a gallon out on the bar and let our reconcilled friends help theirselves."

This proposishen wuz receeved with alacrity and there wuz one more rush. The niggers didn't git a drop uv this, for we uv the Corners give em no room. The gallon wuz consoomed in perhaps four minits and a half.

There is suthin in whiskey that lets out whatever is mean and ugly in a man. A man in a state uv sobriety may control hisself, but when he hez whiskey down him, wat there is in him is certain to come out. It wuz so in this case.

ISSAKER GAVITT after the fifth drink hed the ugliest glare in his eyes I ever saw; MCPELTER, PENNIBACKER and POGRAM become suddenly reserved. At this juncter BIGLER sung out:

"Another gallon, BASCOM!" and that gallon went quickly ez the other.

There wuz a sudden change. The noo departure wuz forgotten. ISSAKER and the rest uv em found there wuz niggers and Northerners in the room, and that wuz all they saw. The whisky hed revived ther dormant Dimocrisy, and brot to the surface ther actooal selves. They wuz Dimocrats agin, uv the old stripe.

"Wat the merry hell are voo doin here with white men, you black scoundrel!" sed ISSAKER to the most spectable nigger we hed been able to sekoor.

"Why—why—I'se here beeze—"

ISSAKER heerd no more, but struck a well-directed blow that nigger spred hisself onto the floor. I hed too much down me to hev prudence, and from sheer force uv habit I knocked another one endways. The entire Corners followed soot, and with cries uv "kill the d—d niggers—kill the d—d carpet baggers," and so on, there was the liveliest shindy again in a minit I ever participated in.

The exershun sobered me a trifle, and over the oaths and exclamashens, I heard the jeerin laff uv BIGLER and the feendish chuckle uv POLLOCK. Then I seed it all. It hed all been put up by those twin devils, to spile the plan I hed laid to cap ther the nigger vote.

"It only cost POLLOCK and me $2 to see how sincere you wuz," sed BIGLER to me the next day, "and it wood hev bin cheap at twice the money."

I don't think we shel git the new departure to work very well. To keep our people actin decently toward the niggers, we must keep whiskey away from em. Ef we keep whiskey away from the Dimocracy, the older ones uv the party will die, and the younger ones will learn to read and will finally drift into Sunday skools and from thence inevitably into the Republikin party. The conundrum is a perplexin one, and I confess my intellect ain't ekal to the solvin of it. We must hev, wat from the very nacher uv things, we can't git. Wat the end is to be I don't know.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(WICH WUZ Postmaster.)

Correspondence.

Wanderings in the West.

No. 8.

A GALLOP OVER THE PRAIRIE—TEXAS CATTLE—A PRE EMPTOR'S IMPROVEMENT—THE TIMBER QUESTION—ANTHER CITY—A SETTLER INTERVIEWED—WHAT HE HAS DONE IN SIXTY DAYS—SOME ADVICE TO THOSE WHO INTEND GOING WEST.

NEWTON KANSAS,
June 8th, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—This morning, in company with Mr. LAKIN, Judge MUSE and Capt. SEBASTIAN, I started on a ride over the prairies to the Little Arkansas River. My three companions occupied our spring wagon, but I confiscated the Captain's Indian pony and played the part of outrider to the company. And it was a glorious day's gallop I had over that magnificent prairie. These ponies are remarkable animals. You may ride them fifty miles a day with ease, lariat them out on prairie grass at night, and next morning they are as fresh and live lyas ever, and good for another fifty miles or even more. And they thrive and grow fat on this kind of usage. They sell here at from $35 to $50.

In my last letter I remarked that Newton was on what is known as the great cattle trail, over which hundreds of thousands of Texas cattle are driven every year on their way to the eastern markets.

Early this morning a herd of nineteen hundred passed by here, and when we started we could see, off in the west and south-west, a number of other herds, some in motion and others grazing on the prairie. We read of "the cattle on a thousand hills," but here it is no uncommon thing to see a thousand cattle on one hill. During our forenoon's ride we passed droves numbering in the aggregate over eleven thousand head, and still as far down to the west and south-west as we could see, there were others coming. I am told that up in the vicinity of Abilene, the great shipping point on the Kansas Pacific Road, there are over a hundred thousand head grazing around on the prairies. The market is down and they are waiting for a rise.

The railroad line southwest of Newton is not located yet, but will be in a short time, and in anticipation of this nearly all the government land has been either homesteaded or pre empted. These pre-emptor's "improvements" are funny things, often consisting of nothing more than a small pen made of rails or poles, sometimes not more than two or three feet in height. But this holds the claim against all comers until the pre-emptor can make arrangements to move on it and take permanent possession. Most of these homesteads and pre-emptions have been taken within the past two or three months, so that as yet but few of them are occupied.

The land here is very much like the thirty miles between Florence and Newton, described in my last letter—a rolling prairie, generally good soil, and having no timber at all. In all our ride, until we came in sight of the Little Arkansas, I do not remember now to have seen a single tree. There are a few small streams running through it, the principal of which is Sand creek, which passes near by Newton and empties into the Little Arkansas about fifteen miles to the southwest. But good water, clear and cool and plenty of it, is had anywhere by digging from fifteen to twenty-five feet.

But some of my readers ask, "Is not the want of timber a serious drawback to this region?" and as I promised in a previous letter to say something on the timber question, I may as well do it here.

Every eastern man who comes west to buy land, without exception, I think, wants timber on it, and many of them refuse to purchase unless they can get the timber. And when I first came west on this tour I had the same feeling very strong. I did not see how people—farmers especially—could get along at all without at least a few acres of timber. But after circulating among the people here and seeing how comfortably many of them *do* get along without any timber at all on their farms, my views have somewhat changed. For fuel they use coal, which is delivered all along the line of this railroad at not over twenty-five cents a bushel. Then for building purposes: If a man had a hundred acres of timber and wanted to build a house or a barn, he would not go into the woods and cut and trim and hew the timber in shape for his building, simply because it wouldn't pay. The labor of getting it out would be worth more than it would cost at a lumber yard. At any rate that's the way they talk here, and as they *do* in the same way I am bound to believe them.

I met a farmer the other day who lives near Junction City, where he owns 320 acres of first rate land, 40 of it good timber. He came from Clinton county, Ohio, seven years ago, and of course, thought he never could get along on a farm of that size with less than about that quantity of timber, and so he paid about three times as much for it as he did for his prairie land, and he told me he had not in the seven years used as much timber off of it as would pay for three acres of the land. He says it is cheaper for him to use coal for fuel, and when he wants lumber of any kind, he goes to a dealer and gets just the size and quality he wants, and it costs him less than to get it from his own woods—"That forty acres of timber," said he, "is the most unproductive part of my farm, and if I were to buy twenty farms now, I would not care to have an acre of timber on them."

Here is another case: Mr. ROBERT WORTHINGTON, some years ago, went from Ohio to Illinois, where he purchased a farm. He, too, thought he could not get along without some timber, and so he bought forty acres at fifty dollars per acre. His prairie land I think cost him ten. "Ever since that time," said he, "my prairie land has been increasing in value, while the timber has been decreasing. I could now easily get seventy-five dollars an acre for my prairie, while my timber would hardly bring thirty, and it's as good as when I bought it."

Besides, the timber land is entirely unproductive, except for pasture, which they don't count out here, while the prairie yields an increase every year. Any one at all posted on farming, can make the figures for themselves, charging each with interest on the investment and with

axes, and crediting each with the amount realized from it, and if the figures are correctly made, the balance will be in favor of the prairie every time.

I have thus stated the case just as a great many of these Kansas farmers have stated it to me. I couldn't refute their arguments nor answer their figures, still I must confess that my prejudices are in favor of some timber. It might not be profitable, and before a Kansas or an Illinois farmer I would hardly dare say that it possibly *could* be, but I like to see it. And if I had one of these prairie farms with no timber on it, I'd plant some as soon as the proper season came for doing so. I'd plant it in rows around my fields where it would afford shade from the summer's sun and shelter from the winter's storms for man and beast. And I'd have a grove of it around my house. Even if the timber itself were not worth a cent it would be useful for the above purposes, and a man of taste would give a good deal more for such a farm than for another, equally as good without the trees. Besides this it would pay from the start, for the State of Kansas pays $2 an acre per year for all trees thus cultivated. The black and white walnut, red and white elm, soft maple, cottonwood, black locust and other varieties grow very rapidly on these prairies, and in five or six years any one may have a very handsome grove of them. Col. Goss, of Neosho Falls, showed me some black walnuts on his land, now averaging I think between twenty and thirty feet high, which in 1865 were not higher than his head, and I don't think the Colonel stands quite six feet. And I have seen many others the growth of which has been fully equal to those.

With such a rapid growth as that, and the very liberal bounty the State pays for the cultivation of timber, the Kansians may soon have plenty of it if they want it. And while, as I said above, I can't meet their figures on the timber question as they present it, I don't think they can meet my areument in the matter of shelter from the sun and winds and enhancing the value of their farms by adding to their beauty.

We have passed to-day hundreds—I might say thousands—of the most beautiful situations imaginable for farm houses, if they were only ornamented, as they might be in a very few years, with trees and shrubbery. Sometime this will be done. The present generation may not do it, but the next one will, and then what a magnificent park this will be!

"But what do they do for fences?" you ask, "where there is no timber." Some make wire fences, the entire cost of which, including posts, average about sixty cents a rod. Others have osage hedges, which grow very rapidly here. I saw the other day a very fine one, only four years old, and which will turn any kind of stock. In the long run these are no doubt the cheapest, but where a fence is necessary before the hedge is grown, wire is used. The herd law may be adopted by any county that wishes to do so, and where this is done no fences are needed, as the owners of the stock running at large are required to have some one to look after it and keep it out of the cultivated fields. Generally a number of neighbors unite and employ herdsmen for their stock.

But let us return to our prairie ride.—At two or three different points during the forenoon we had magnificent views of this grand prairie—the diameter of the circle visible being between forty and fifty miles. On the west, and winding away to the north and south was the Little Arkansas, skirted with its narrow belt of timber; beyond that the timber on the Big Arkansas was in sight; northeast of us lay the village of Newton; southwest was Sedgewick City, while ten miles beyond the latter, glimmering in the sunshine could be seen a dozen or so houses dotted through a beautiful grove and called Park City. Fill out this picture with two or three great herds of cattle winding lazily along the trail, as many more resting and grazing at different places, and you have the panorama as it lay spread out before us.

A mile or two ahead was a comfortable looking settler's "improvement," and we steered for that, as this is the kind of people from whom I am best pleased to gather information. It is practical and reliable. We found the family at dinner, but in a few minutes an intelligent looking man came out and, as in duty bound, I put him through a course of questions, the result of which, considerably boiled down, was as follows: His name is CHARLES STILES, and he is from Breckenridge county, Kentucky; he came here the last of March and secured 160 acres of land, and put up his house; brought his family the first of May. Is a carpenter himself, and did most of the work on his house, which is a very neat story-and-a-half frame of three rooms, two on the first floor and one up stairs. It is not quite finished yet, and has cost him $250 as it stands. The work is all very neatly done, and shows Mr. STILES to be a first-rate workman. He had at the time we were there sixteen acres of sod broken, twelve of which were in corn, besides some oats, potatoes and a good garden, all of which looked very well, and with a favorable season I think Mr. STILES will this year raise nearly enough to support his family. He is still breaking sod, and expects to have from forty to fifty acres broken before the season for that work is passed, which is about the first of August. His farming equipment consists of two good large mules, a good wagon, plow, harrow, &c. He has four children—three boys about seven, ten and eighteen years of age, and a daughter, the youngest of the family. In answer to one of my questions the ten year old proudly informed me that he "could read in the Sixth Reader," whereupon I told him I wanted him to represent that District in Congress after awhile, and to do it well. I hope he will. Mr. STILES informed us that he moved there on his children's account—he thought he could do better for them there than he could in Kentucky. They have no schools within reach yet, but expect to have within a year, as a number of settlers intend to move in there this summer and fall.

I have written up this case thus minutely because there are some thousands of my readers just about in the situation Mr. STILES was in Kentucky, and are strongly in the notion of going west, with the hope of bettering either their own situations or their children's; and they, if nobody else, will be interested in reading what one earnest, industrious, intelligent man has accomplished in a little more than sixty days. Of course it is too early yet to know what the result in this case may be, for his crops may fail, sickness may come upon him or his family, and the success now apparently almost within his grasp may not yet be realized. These things must all be taken into the account by those who contemplate removing to the west, and as far as possible, preparation should be made for such contingencies. One of the best, if not the very best, preparation that can be made is to resolve in advance not to get home-sick nor be discouraged at any reverses that may come. "Forgetting the things which are behind, and looking unto the things which are before," is a good motto for people to come west with. Remember that crops fail, and sickness and death come to people everywhere, and I doubt if these things happen any oftener to people in a new country than in an old one.

Pushing ahead again we reached Sedgwick City in time for dinner at the hotel kept by DR. T. S. FLOYD a cousin of the rebel JOHN B. FLOYD, of Virginia. He has a good farm here and a prospect of good crops. The hotel is situated on the corner of Ninth street and Washington Avenue, which the reader had better make a note of if he thinks of journeying that way, for Sedgwick City has fifteen houses in it and without explicit directions he might not be able to find the hotel. But if he does find it I can assure him he will be treated with true Virginia hospitality.

I found here two homesteaders engaggaged in making good their claims, getting some sod broken and making other preparations for locating permanently on their homesteads. They say all the homesteads hereabouts are taken, and that over four hundred have been taken since March. "I just barely saved mine," said one of the men, "for another fellow was after it the next day after I entered it."

Our "home run" was very much like our outward ride. For some distance we kept up the valley of the Little Arkansas, where the soil is deep and rich. In many places, the grass came half way up my pony's sides as I galloped through it. As we came to the "home stretch" we had a magnificent exhibition of the threatenings of a prairie storm. I was reconnoitering a prairie dog town when the threatenings commenced in earnest, so that my companions in the wagon had gotten a long distance the start of me, but when I turned pony's head homeward, gave him the rein and the word "go," with the slightest possible persuasive from the spur, it would have done you good to have seen him shorten the distance between us and that wagon. If we had had about three minutes and a half more, I am sure we should have come in ahead.

I omitted an item which I should have put down to the credit of Sedgwick City. It has the first school house in it, that was built in Sedgwick county, and church services and Sunday School are held in it every Sunday. A. P. M.

Washington Letters

Correspondence of the Blade.

WASHINGTON, June 20, 1871.

In these days of official dullness, blessed be the man that owns a horse; or, failing in that, is able to hire one. Buffalo Good's exalted notion of a horse was a good deal taken aback when he came to ride in a palace car; but cars can't go over these rough hills, and a horse, after all, is not to be despised. Of course I speak from experience. I have been having a "drive."

Washington is surrounded with some of the most attractive hills and some of the finest drives of any city in the United States, and if it don't get trundled off to the valley of the Mississippi or Pike's Peak, or some other region infested with land sharks, it will be worth something to see its environs 50 years hence, when these lovely hills are studded with country villas and the shores of the broad Potomac, like those of the Hudson and Delaware, are dotted with palaces and mapped into landscape gardens.

My drive yesterday took me up the Maryland road, by the side of a bubbling, rolling creek, which runs its course at the foot of a wood-clad range of hills where for miles the tall trees stretch out their stout leaf-clad arms and cover with their shadowy wings the singing water. The beauties of this wild region are little known in the hot city, where men are too busy with offices and bonds and gold balances to think much about the growing corn, or the waving fields of grain, or the hills and streams that make glad the outspread country that lies beyond.

Along this stream and stretching on either side of it the surface is uneven, rising into steep pitches or sinking into valleys, and largely covered with forest trees. It lies north of the city and is directly connected with the grounds on Meridian Hill, which a committee of Congress lately selected as the most suitable place for the new Presidential mansion which, it is conceded, must soon be erected.

A few years ago, before the Reavis crusade, and at a time when Congress had a fit of liberality, these grounds were regarded as so eligible for a public driving park that a survey was ordered, and they were put into a map by the engineer with a recommendation that the land should be procured and held for the above purpose. But, as is usual in such cases, the matter was suffered to go by and nothing was done.

There is no want of the capital so obvious as this. There is no city in the Union, of its size, that has so large a number of "turn outs" and that so much needs a park in which they can air themselves on these long summer afternoons. The President and his cabinet ministers, the members of the Supreme Court, the foreign ministers and their various retinues, a large number of Senators and representatives, the local governor of the District, the treasurers, auditors, comptrollers, &c., &c., all, or nearly all, have their carriages and servants, and may be seen on any pleasant afternoon in a cloud of dust on Fourteenth street, making up for the Soldiers' Home or some other locality beyond the boundary, where they can enjoy for an hour or two the sweet breath of the country.

But, besides these officials, there are great numbers of wealthy private citizens, strangers from abroad, political adventurers and waiters on Providence, who have congregated around the capital and must have a drive in the afternoon—some for health, some for recreation, some for political jobbing and "pipe laying," and some for social enjoyment. Of course, as things are they do the best they can, and they can do better here than in most other places. But these grounds could now be procured for an average probably of about $50 per acre, and the cost of converting them to the use suggested need be little more than the making of suitable fences and suitable roads. They require almost no grading and the materials for making the roads and walks are abundant and at hand.

Washington has been a disgrace to us as a nation, but it is steadily emerging from the bad influences which slavery drew around it and fast growing to be a city that may worthily wear the name of its great founder, and that every American may be justly proud of. Economy and good policy would therefore dictate that Congress should keep in view this special want of its capital and, at an early day, revive the project of a park and take the necessary steps to secure it before the erection of country villas and the making of other improvements shall so enhance the price as to cause the purchase to be a burden to the country.

It is true that we are not, even now, entirely without driving accommodations. The Soldiers' Home property consists of several hundred acres, well cared for and open to the public. It is at present our favorite drive. But it is too small, not sufficiently shaded and not within the control of the public. The Rock Creek region is far more romantic and beautiful, may have an extent of many miles, and has an abundant and thrifty growth of forest trees while its running streams, its hills and dales, and its varied and beautiful scenery would make it one of the loveliest places for a drive to be found in this or any other country. I trust the time is not distant when Congress will open its eyes to the necessity for such a park.

BUCKEYE.

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1871.

The telegraph brings us this morning the gratifying news from Columbus and a synopsis of the admirable resolutions adopted, constituting a platform on which Gen. Noyes may stand without fear that it will crumble beneath his feet. The nominations are applauded, and the shape of political affairs in Ohio makes the Republicans jubilant. The resolutions seem to cover all the important questions before the public; but are silent in regard to San Domingo—of course deeming it unimportant. I notice that in Iowa the Republicans have spoken out on this question and, contrary to the general current of public sentiment, have endorsed the project of annexation.

Rumors of a change in the head of the Internal Revenue bureau are again current, and the belief is general that they mean something. The *Chronicle* of this morning says that Gen. Pleasanton is to retire and that the first Deputy, Mr. Douglass, of Pennsylvania, is to have his place. Which is not, however, very probable. The rumors now afloat, I am sorry to say, arise from suspicions which, it is to be hoped, have no foundation.

It seems that Col. Clifford Thompson, who lately resigned his place as chief of the detective division, was in fact discharged, and that his discharge was owing to an attempt to make money out of information clandestinely furnished to the N. Y. & Erie R. R. Co. That company is awaiting a decision in the Revenue Bureau and Thompson offered to furnish it in advance for a sum, which is said to have been 3 or 5 thousand dollars. The matter leaked out and came to the knowledge of the President at Long Branch, who, of course, ordered his instant removal.

But there is a suspicion in some quarters that Thompson had an understanding with the Commissioner, which is probably the cause of the rumors now afloat about a coming change. It is not probable that there are any grounds for these suspicions, but it is said that President Grant is looking after them, and we all know what he will do if they should turn out to have anything in them.

Hon. Fred. Douglas, who was appointed to a seat in the Territorial Council and has been acting up to this time, finds that the duties call him too much away from his paper, and he has tendered his resignation.

Our Board of Public Works (the Governor and four other citizens) have drawn public attention towards themselves by reporting a great scheme of improvements for the District the cost of which will be about seven million of dollars. Their plan is before the Legislature which must provide the means.

Ground has been broken for the new State department a little south of the Navy building.

The receipts of the year from the Internal Revenue Bureau, will be less than was expected. The year closes with the present month and the understanding is that the collections will amount to about $146,800,000. Last year they reached the large sum of $185,000,000.

The semi-annual interest on the public debt, due at the close of the fiscal year (June 30,) is $28,000,000.

The Secretary of the Treasury has received a proffer of $25,000,000 for the old estate in New York, known as Kings and Queen's garden, the title of which is said to be vested in the United States. But, if this is so, it is not in the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department. Public Lands belong to the Department of the Interior.

Word reached this city yesterday that Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church was rapidly running down in health and that much concern was felt by his friends on his account. It is reported to-day that he will remit his usual labors and try rest at some retired watering place for a few months.

The sudden death of Mr. Vallandigham calls out a very great variety of expressions in regard to his character and public conduct. But the weight of testimony seems to indicate that while he was vehement and extravagant in his political positions and conduct, he was true to his convictions and not so much of a demagogue as his opponents believed. He is represented to have had great personal magnetism and to have always retained about him a strong force of personal friends.—The letter of Chief Justice Chase endorsing his "new departure" and the gathering of distinguished men at his funeral seem to show that he was still a strong man among the Ohio Democracy.

The Secretary of State has indicated his choice of arbitrator under the new treaty in the Alabama cases to be heard at Geneva, and if his nomination prevails Hon. Charles Francis Adams will be the man. Mr. Adams having been Minister to England during the war, and therefore familiar with all questions likely to arise, should be admirably qualified for its position; but there are many distinguished men in the United States who would readily master all the questions in controversy, and be just as true to principle and country as Mr. Adams, who have not departed from the faith of the Republican party. But I am content to leave that matter in the hands of the President. BUCKEYE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Reports from all parts of Kansas represent an abundant harvest.

Geo. Wm. Curtis has accepted his appointment on the Civil Service Commission.

A petition to the President is in circulation, asking the pardon of C. C. Bowen, and is signed by persons irrespective of politics.

The Council Territorial Legislature, at Washington, has made women eligible to any of the offices created by the charter and correction bill.

Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, is at Leavenworth, and his visit is understood to be in connection with strengthening the projected narrow gauge road to be built from there to Denver.

Mrs. Doretia Schardt, while laboring under an attack of insanity, drowned her child and then committed suicide by drowning herself in the Lake, at Cleveland, on the 23d.

Senator Morton, twenty-nine soldiers and six citizens have returned to Camp McDonnel, Arizona, having killed fifty-six Apaches and recovered a large amount of stock. Captain Mills, with a large party, are now on trail.

Hon. Rees Smith was murdered near Rhodes' Ranche, Arizona, by the Indians. All the colonists were taken at Magdalena the day the Lower California Company left, except a dozen. Many arrived destitute at Lopez, and were furnished with rations by the Mexican authorities to save them from starvation.

The Catholic demonstration at St. Louis on the 25th, in honor of the 25th anniversary of the Pontificate of Pius IX, was the largest and most impressive religious demonstration that ever took place there. The procession was composed of about 30 different societies, and about the same number of delegations from the various parishes of the city.

Joseph Weisner, the Rochester wife murderer, was this morning sentenced to be hanged on the 17th of August next.

During the game of base ball between the Forest City, Cleveland, and the Experts of Philadelphia, on the 22d, E. White, catcher of the Forest City Club, had the small bones in his right arm broken near the elbow by striking a post as he was running after the ball.

Isaac G. Lansing, a farmer living near Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., was arrested on the 22d, charged with plotting to destroy his wife's life. Abram Devoe swears that he paid him $105 to kill her, Lansing going away from home while the deed was to be done at night. The case produces great excitement in the lower part of Saratoga county.

A horrible accident occurred at Jeffersonville on Monday morning. A boy named Christopher Taylor, while riding a stallion with one end of the halter around his waist, was thrown and dragged some distance by the horse taking fright. The animal kicked him, and then turned around and jumped upon and pawed him to death, literally crushing every bone in his body.

During the prevalence of a fierce storm near Westerville, Decatur Co., Iowa, on Sunday last, the house of Robt. Slayton was blown down and completely demolished. Fortunately none of the family were hurt. They started for Finks' mill, two miles distant, Mr. Slayton carrying one of his children in his arms. They had not proceeded far when a streak of lightning struck Mr. Slayton, killing him instantly, but the child was only slightly injured.

Gen. Sheridan mentions in conversation, that everywhere he went on his recent tour of inspection, he met with warm receptions from the people, and especially in Louisiana and Texas. The Governors of those States informed him that peace and order therein, would favorably contrast with any period previous to the late war. He also found the army in good condition.

A special dispatch to the Cleveland *Herald*, from Painesville, says: A serious shooting affray took place on the east side of the river last evening. A young man named Duchess fired two shots at his step-father, Mr. Hughes, one of which entered Hughes' side, coming out at his back, and the other wounding Miss Flora Duchess, a sister of the young man, in the arm. Mr. Hughes then fired at his assailant with a rifle, inflicting a severe wound in the foot. The shooting grew out of a family quarrel. None of the parties were arrested.

The Rushville, (Ill.,) *Times* says: "A sad and fatal rencounter took place four miles southeast of Rushville, Bainbridge Township, on last Wednesday evening, which resulted in the death of one Emrl Vancell, aged about 19, at the hands of his brother Ed., a lad about 16 years, sons of Thomas Vancell. It appears that the boys had been engaged in a slight quarrel, and, with the assistance of a little whiskey, it culminated in blows. In the scuffle Ed. drew a pocket-knife and stabbed his brother in the side, killing him almost instantly."

The Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club have decided that the following yachts are the winners in the grand regatta of Thursday: For schooners, the *Tidal Wave*, and for first-class sloops, the *Addie*, both taking the regatta subscription and challenge cups. For second-class sloops, the *Breeze* takes the regatta cup.

The graduating class at Harvard College, is this year considerably larger than any previous one, numbering 157 members; and the whole number who have ever been connected with the class is 181, of whom three have died; thus showing the loss of only 21, with the exception of the present freshmen class. This is the largest class ever in Harvard.

A terrible affair occurred on Tuesday on Barren Island, between Coney Island and Far Rockaway, on long Island. A fisherman named Dan Ryder, while fishing near by, landed for water upon Grining Beach. Ryder was first attacked by three savage blood hounds, who lacerated his limbs in a fearful manner; but he nearly succeeded in regaining his sloop, when five more dogs fell upon him, throwing him upon the beach and gnawing his breast and back frightfully. Captain Petty, of Belport, and a friend, who were in a yacht near by, witnessed the affair and hastened to his rescue. Ryder was found nearly dead from the loss of blood, and his clothing stripped from his body. There are no hopes of his recovery.

A letter from Vice President Colfax, dated South Bend, says the Doctor allows him to write two letters a day, instead of twenty. He adds: "I am living here the laziest life possible, and in looking back to the last dozen years, I wonder now that the blow did not come sooner. Every biennial Congressional canvass I made from 70 to 100 speeches and the interim between them was filled with public life, with all its exacting duties, lecturing, &c. My journeys across the continent and to the Rocky Mountains, the only relaxation of the last half dozen years, postponed the evil day for me. I am going to follow your counsel and that of other friends hereafter so that I can enjoy with my family the health Providence is so kindly giving back to me."

The Catholics of Cincinnati and vicinity celebrated the 25th anniversary of the enthronement of Pope Pius IX on Sunday, principally with a grand procession. High mass was celebrated at all the Catholic churches, at which all men wearing badges and regalias received the holy communion. The churches were generally decorated with evergreens, and the American and Papal flags were displayed from the steeple of the Holy Trinity. A cross of red gas jets was displayed, discernible for miles in all directions. Fine arches, with appreciative devices, were thrown over the streets in different places. The procession was one of the largest ever seen in Cincinnati, composed chiefly of Catholic societies. It occupied two hours and twenty-seven minutes in passing. The vast concourse was addressed by Bishop Foebbe and Father McGill, from the steps of the Corpus Christi Church in Newport.

Some notorious thieves entered the southern bound express car on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad on Sunday morning last, overcame the messenger and threw out the safe, which contained a large amount of money. The safe was subsequently found, broken open. The thieves were tracked to Mobile and two of them arrested. On these men a portion of the stolen money was found; the remainder is supposed to have been secreted. One of the thieves is an escaped convict and known to be a desperate character.

Charles Amsbaugh, of the Depot House, Keokuk, was awakened Saturday night by a man in his room going through his pantaloons, from which he took a watch and pocket-book. Amsbaugh quietly watched the thief, saw him go out of the window on to the roof, thence to another window, where he handed the property to another person in waiting, and then went to his own room. Amsbaugh went to sleep again and slept soundly till daylight, when he went down stairs, locked all the doors, sent for a policeman, searched the parties, found all the property and handed the thieves over to the officers of the law

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Campaign of 1871.

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The Gubernatorial Campaign of 1871 will be the most important in its results of any for years. The Democracy hope to carry the States in which elections are to be held this Fall, as a prelude to victory in the Presidential Campaign of '72, hence the importance of

Victory! Thorough and Sweeping.

The legality of the Amendments, and all the acts of the Party are to be passed upon this Fall.

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Interest quarterly, February, May, August and November.

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The Treasury Department having already received subscriptions to the amount of $67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress, of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining $133,000,000 of this particular Loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange dollar for dollar for any of the United States six per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks known as *Five Twenties*, or for Gold Coin at the par value of the New Loan, and accrued Interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and one half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the Act of Congress.

FORM OF FIVE PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 PER CENT

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF .....DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved Jan. 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the 1st day of May, A. D., 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the 1st day of February, May, August and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal or local authority.

WASHINGTON,.....18....

Entered.....Recorded.....

.....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000 and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to those proceeds, the 5-20s are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,755,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes; to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,755,000,000 the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,260,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum, the Interest charge has been reduced to $112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, with the necessities of the War and the Debt thereby created rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865-66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870-71, (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year,) or less than one-half the first named sum. And in the year 1871-72 a further reduction of $38,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $126,000,000 for the year, or about two fifths the maximum of 1865-66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $126,700,949, or an average saving per year of $63,350,474—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, or so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing debt since May 1, by the sum of $8,000,000 by purchase of United States 5-20s for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-30s by the further sum of $8,217,400 by conversion into the New 5 ℘ Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands, $1,984,128,755, as against $2,107,816,150 two years ago when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand,) the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.
U. S. Stocks	$2,150,784,112
Circulation	405,411,163
Total	$2,555,995,275
	March, 1869. — June, 1871.
U. S. Stocks	$2,107,816,150 — $1,984,128,755
Circulation	383,545,854 — 366,953,601
Total	$2,491,362,004 — $2,351,081,756

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881.....$10,000,000

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1890.....4,500,000

By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1907.....14,000,000

Total saving per annum by refunding $28,500,000

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of Advertising U. S. Loans.

TREASURY OFFICE, }
NEW YORK, June 5, 1871. } jun27w1t4

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Hold the Fort!
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Jesus Loves even me,
Land of the Morning,
Let the Lower Lights be Burning,
Look on the Bright Side,
Man the Life Boat
My Saviour's Charms,
Never Give Up the Right Way!
No Time to Pray?
Oh My Heart!
Only a Step to Heaven,
On to the Goal!
On what Foundation?
Over Yonder!
Sailing into Port,
Song of Christ's Soldiers,
Soon and Forever,
Stand to Your Arms!
Star Voices,
Step and Think!
The Master hath Need of the Reapers
There's a Light in the Valley,
The Tardy Troop,
The Temperance Ship,
This is the Victory!
Waiting for the Lord,
What can I Do?
What Did Jesus Say?
Where He Leads We will Follow,
Which Road are You Choosing?
Who will Send or Go?
Work, for the Night is Coming!
Passing Away,
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35 cents each. $3.75 per dozen. $30 per 100.

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june27w2t (10) Chicago.

SEND Ten Cents to ROOT & CADY, Chicago for their July "Song Messenger," which contains

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june29w1t(13)

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AGENTS WANTED to sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be paid.

Single Tickets, $1; Six Tickets, $10; Twelve Tickets, $20; Twenty-five Tickets, $40.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

Our Young Folks.

JACK AND ME.

Here ye are—? Black your boots, boss,
Do it for jest five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute,
That is 'f nothin' prevents.
Set your foot right on there, sir;
The morning's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller,
When his coat's a gettin' old.

Well, yes,—call it coat, sir,
Though 'taint much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another,
Ain't got the stamps to spare.
Make as much as most on 'em—
That's so; but then, you see,
They've got only one to do for;
There's two on us; Jack and me.

Him? Why that little feller,
With a double up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin,'
Sussin' himself—that's Jack.
Used to be round sellin' papers,
The cars there was his lay;
But he got shoved off the platform
Under the wheels one day.

Yes, the conductor did it—
Gave him a reg'lar throw—
He didn't care if he killed him,
Some on 'em is just so.
He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier.

High old style for a boot-black—
Made all the fellers laugh—
Jack and me has to take it,
But we don't mind no chaff.
Trouble—I guess not much sir;
Sometimes when biz gets slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him,
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we get up there,
All done now—how's that sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps,
Morain'!—give it to Jack, sir,
He looks after the stamps.
—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

For the Toledo Blade.

The Leaf Fairies' Carnival.

BY ROSE BUSH.

The leaf fairies, unlike those who dance on the midsummer nights on the green sward, live on the trees and flourish from spring until winter. In the fall they hold a magnificent carnival, but before telling you of this I will describe the dress, manners and customs of these fairies. In the spring they begin to unfold themselves from the embrace of winter, and don delicate green robes. Later in the season they change for full dress of dark, rich, green satin, and are very beautiful. Their mission is to shade mortals from Sol's piercing rays and to beautify the earth.

The sun is a friend to these fairies. His warm rays deepen the color of their garments. Occasionally in his desire to be friendly to them, he almost scorches the poor fairies. The rain descends from the clouds and refreshes them, and they appear a thousand times more charming. Rain is wealthy and generous, and he showers them with diamonds in countless numbers.

The sun is very soon jealous and glares at them so fiercely the diamonds are swallowed up in his glances. These fairies have an intention when rain is going to visit them. If his stay is to be short, they turn their garments wrong side out, for underneath they are covered with little air cells called chlorophylle, and this is how they receive their nourishment from rain and air. We do not receive our nourishment through our clothes, but theirs are a portion of themselves. If rain is going to make himself officious they curl up, and the glistening moisture that emanates from clouds roll off and they are not weighed down with sparkling jewels.

The carnival commences in the fall. At this time they don the softest or the most gorgeously tinted robes that the great artist, Jack Frost, can paint for them. With his silver pencil he streaks their emerald robes with gold and scarlet, with his powerful brush he paints them golden, flame, russet, bronze and crimson. Some of the fairies form a golden canopy for mortals to walk underneath and a carpet of gold for them to tread upon; others vie with the sunset in their glorious colors. The carnival is a general time of rejoicing over the beautiful summer they have passed, singing soft praises to their mother Nature, and recounting the benefits they have conferred upon mortals. They dance—now softly waving to the soft strains of the musical breeze, again gayly skipping and quivering—keeping time to the merry wind as he plays on the telegraph wires as he whizzes around the corners. Katydids and crickets unite their soft voices to the other musicians Dame Nature provides.

They dance the most beautifully on the banks of the brooks, as they love the soft murmuring, or the gay gurgling, or the whish and splash of the water. They know that when their carnival is over they give place to the Winter King. They are not sad to contemplate it. They know that as

"Surely as winter taking all,
The spring will bring again."

They leave their vitality in the sap of the trees, to be revivified when Spring again resumes her scepter. At last the carnival is over; some of the fairies sail on the water and are preserved bright and beautiful many days; others have fallen to the earth to be trodden under foot; some few preserved by admiring mortals; others consumed by bonfires.

They leave their homes, the trees, desolate and bare, soon to be frosted over with winter's snows. The soft, dreamy days pass, and brisk, sparkling winter comes to reign until the leaf fairies again burst their barriers and assume their green robes.

The Ups and Downs of a Boy's Life.

Boys in general would be very good farmers, if the current notions about farming were not so very different from those they entertain. What passes for lasiness is very often an unwillingness to farm in a particular way. For instance: Some morning in early summer John is told to catch the sorrel mare, harness her into the spring wagon, and put in the buffalo and the best whip, for father is obliged to drive over to the Corners, "to see a man" about some cattle, to talk with the Road Commissioner, to go to the store for the "women folks," and to attend to other important business; and very likely he will not be back till sundown. It must be very pressing business, for the old gentleman drives off in this way somewhere almost every pleasant day, and appears to have a great deal on his mind.

Meantime, he tells John that he can play ball, after he has done up his chores. As if the chores could ever be "done up" on a farm! He is first to clean out the horse-stable; then to take a hill-hook and cut down the weeds from the fence corners in the home mowing lot and along the road toward the village; to dig up the docks round the garden patch; to weed out the bee-bed; to hoe the early potatoes; to rake the leaves and sticks out of the front yard; in short, there is work enough laid for John to keep him busy, it seems to him, till he comes of age; and at half an hour to sundown he is to go for the cows, and, mind, he don't run on!

"Yes, sir," says John, "is that all?"

"Well, if you get through in good season, you might pick over those potatoes in the cellar; they are sprouting; they ain't fit to eat."

John is obliged to his father, for if there is any sort of chore more cheerful to a boy than another, on a pleasant day, it is rubbing the sprouts off potatoes, in a dark cellar. And the old gentleman mounts his wagon and drives away down the enticing road, with the dog bounding along beside the wagon, and refusing to come back at John's call. John half wishes that he were the dog. The dog knows the part of farming that suits him. He likes to run along the road and see all the dogs and other people, and he likes best of all to lie on the store steps at the Corners—while his master's horse is dozing at the post and his master is talking politics in the store,—with the other dogs of his acquaintance, snapping at mutually annoying flies, and indulging in that delightful gossip which is expressed by a wag of the tail and a sniff of the nose. Nobody knows how many dogs' characters are destroyed in this gossip, or how a dog may be able to insinuate suspicion by a wag of the tail, as a man can by a shrug of the shoulders, or sniff a slander as a man can suggest one by raising his eyebrows.

John looks after the old gentleman driving off in state, with the odorous buffalo and the new whip, and he thinks that that is the sort of farming he would like to do. And he cries after his departing parent,

"Say, father, can't I go over to the further pasture and salt the cattle?" John knows that he could spend a half day very pleasantly in going over to that pasture, looking for birds' nests and shying at red squirrels on the way, and who knows but he might "see" a sucker in the meadow brook, and perhaps get a "jab" at him with a sharp stick. He knows a hole where there is a whopper; and one of his plans in life is to go some day and snare him, and bring him home in triumph. It, therefore, is strongly impressed upon his mind that the cattle want salting. But his father, without turning his head, replies,

"No, they don't need salting any more'n you do!" and the old equipage goes rattling down the road, and John whistles his disappointment. When I was a boy on a farm, and I suppose it is so now, cattle were never salted half enough.

John goes to his chores, and gets through the stable as soon as he can, for that has to be done; but when it comes to the outdoor work, that rather drags, there are so many things to distract the attention, a chipmunk in the fence, a bird on a near tree, and a hen-hawk circling high in the air over the barn-yard. John loses a little time in stoning the chipmunk, which rather likes the sport, and in watching the bird to find where its nest is; and he convinces himself that he ought to watch the hawk, lest it pounce upon the chickens, and therefore, with an easy conscience, he spends fifteen minutes in hallooing to that distant bird, and follows it away out of sight over the woods, and then wishes it would come back again.

And then a carriage with two horses, and a trunk on behind, goes along the road, and there is a girl in the carriage that looks at John, who is suddenly aware that his trowsers are patched on each knee and in two places behind; and he wonders if she is rich, and whose name is on the trunk, and how much the horses cost, and whether that nice looking man is the girl's father, and if that boy on the seat with the driver is her brother, and if he has to do chores; and as the gay sight disappears John falls to thinking about the great world beyond the farm, of cities, and people who are always dressed up, and a great many other things of which he has but a very dim notion.

And then a boy, whom John knows, rides in a wagon with his father, and the boy makes a face at John, and John returns the greeting with a twist of his own visage and some symbolic gestures. All these things take time. The work of cutting down the big weeds gets on slowly, although it is not very disagreeable, or would not be if it were play. John imagines that yonder big thistle is some whiskered villian, of whom he has read in a fairy book, and he advances on him with "Die, ruffian!" and slashes off his head with the bill-hook, or he charges upon the rows of mullin stalks as if they were rebels in regimental ranks, and hews them down without mercy. What fun it might be if there were only another boy there to help. But even war, single-handed, gets to be tiresome. It is dinner-time before John finishes the weeds, and it is cow time before John has made much impression on the garden.

This garden John has no fondness for. He had rather hoe corn all day than work in it. Father seems to think that it is easy work that John can do, because it is near the house! John's continual plan in this life is to go fishing. When there comes a rainy day he attempts to carry it out. But ten chances to one his father has different views. As it rains so that work cannot be done out of doors, it is a good time to work in the garden. He can run in the house between the heavy showers. John accordingly detests the garden; and the only time he works briskly in it is when he has a stent set, to do so much weeding before the Fourth of July. If he is spry he can make an extra holiday, the Fourth and the day after. Two days of gunpowder and ball playing! When I was a boy I supposed there was some connection between such and such an amount of work done on the farm and our national freedom. I doubted it there could be any Fourth of July if my stent was not done. I, at least, worked for my independence.—*C. D. Warner, in Work and Play.*

Spelling School.

Have you forgotten them? When from all the region about they were gathered in the log school-house with its huge fireplace yawning like the entrance of Avernus! How the sleigh-bells, big in the middle of the string and growing small by degrees and beautifully less towards the broad brass buckles, chimed in every direction long before night—the gathering of the class! There came one to school, "the master." Give him a capital M, for he is entitled to it—Master, and all bundled into one huge red, double sleigh, strewn with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie, with half a score of buffalo robes. There are a dozen cutters, each with a young man and a maiden, they two, no more. And there again a pair of jumpers, mounting a great outlandish looking bin heaped up, pressed down, and running over, Scripture measure, with a small collection of humanity picked up en route from a dozen homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool. And the bright eyes, and ripe red lips that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pink-lined, quilted hoods, and the silvery laugh that escaped the mufflers and fur tippets they wore then—who does not remember! Who can ever forget them!

The school-house destined to be the arena of the conflict has been garnished, boughs of evergreen adorn the smoked, stained and battered walls. The pellets of chewed paper have all been swept from the ceiling, and two pails of water brought from the spring, and set on a bench in the entry, with an immemorial tin cup—a wise provision indeed, for warm is that spelling room!

The big boys have fanned and replenished the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top like a furnace, and as a flame of the battle.

The two "Masters" are there, and such a moving to and fro! Will they swarm?

The bevie comes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll or the drum is to the armies, the "rule" is to this whispering, tittering company.

The challengers are one side of the house, the challenged on the other. Back seats, middle seats, low front seats are all filled. Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could no doubt, upon occasion

"Shoulder the crutch
And show how fields were won,"

occupy the bench of honor near the desk.

Now the preliminaries: The reputed best speller on each side chooses. "Susan Brown." Out comes a round-eyed creature, blushing like a peony. Such a little thing.

Moses Jones. Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair, shockingly harvested, surmounting his brow. The girls laugh at him, but what he don't know in the Elementary, isn't worth knowing.

Jane Murray. Out trips Jane, fluttering as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. She's a pretty girl, but a sorry speller. Don't you hear the whispers round the house? "Why, that's John's sweetheart." John is the leader, and a battle lost with Jane by his side, would be sweeter than a victory without her.

And so they go, "calling names," until five or six champions stand forth to do battle, and the contest is fairly begun.

Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four and those again of similar pronunciation and divers signification, until Moses and Susan remain.

The spelling-book has been exhausted, and still they stand. Dictionaries are turned over, memories are sacked for

"Words of lengthly sound,"

until, by-and-by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, a little leaf aloft, that the forest and fall have forgotten.

Pollysyllables follow, and by-and-by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkle. Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle. Then all get in solid phalanx by schools, and the struggle is to spell each other down. And down they go, like leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for our district, and the school is dismissed.

Then comes the hurrying and bundling, the whispering and glancing, and pairing off and tumbling in. There are hearts that flutter, and hearts that ache; "mittins" that cannot be worn, hopes that are not returned. There is a jingling among the bells at the door, and one after another dash up, receive their freight, and are gone.

"Our Master" covers the fire and snuffs the candles (don't you remember how he used to pinch the smoking wick with his forefinger and thumb, and then thrust each helpless luminary head first in the socket?) and we wait for him.

The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill in the valley. The school-house is dark and tenantless, and we are alone in the dark.

Merry, care-free company! Some of them are sorrowing; some are dead, and all we fear are changed! Spell! Ah! the "spell" has come over that crowd of dreamers—over you—over us; will it ever be dissolved? In "the white radiance of eternity?"—*B. F. Taylor.*

Story of a Hero.

He was only a poor boy, and a very poor boy at that, so poor that he hadn't even a pair of skates, so when the boys of his school were playing a game of "shinay," he was not chosen on either side, for what was the use of a fellow without skates? However, he scuffled along over the ice with his clumsy shoes, and never minded when the boys rushed pell-mell over him, nor the frequent raps from the sticks that struck wildly at the flying ball, but seemed to have as much fun as if he was leader, and had the finest skates on the ice.

But it was hard work keeping up, so by-and-by he shuffled off the ice, and started with his hands in his pockets for the glue factory, where Tim Conover was sure to let him warm up. However, he must see how the game was coming out, so he crossed a vacant lot and came down to the river by the ice houses.

Ah! it only needed one glance to see how it must come out for some of them. Only a few rods away was the belt of blue water where the ice had been sawn across to keep the boys from spoiling the harvest of the ice packers, and every instance they were coming closer to it. Coulln't they see it? Would not somebody see it? No one had eyes or thoughts for anything but that ball, gliding, glancing, darting here and there among the steel-clad feet.

It was a long way around the bend and up the river by any street, but straight across, where the ice cutters have been at work, was a thin, treacherous sheet of broken ice. It might hold a boy up, but if it didn't—there was no time to think about that, for the next instant a ragged little hero was dashing across it, whooping and screaming like a locomotive gone mad. Would the ice bear? Yes; perhaps the hands that are underneath the falling sparrow, held it up, and the herd of startled players looked up and circled with quick motion from the very edge of the chasm at their feet.

"Who was it? Where is he?" they asked with pale faces.

Gone down with the breaking ice, to come up again, gasping and struggling, and at last to be drawn out, chilled and breathless, by the ice-cutters. They rubbed him with all the vigor of their brawny arms, they held him up by the heels to let the water run out; they pounded and squeezed and tossed him in a blanket, but he lived through it all, and came to himself with a strangling cough and a laugh of approbation. Everybody praised and petted and made much of him, and then forgot all about him; so it was left for me to tell his story, and I call it "*The Story of a Hero.*"—*Little Corporal.*

"Couldn't 'Coz he Sung so!"

Leaning idly over the fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year old "lord of creation," amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds, which were playing around him. At length a bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom the birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor. The boy seemed astonished at its impudence; and, after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an inch of damage; when lo! his throat was swelled and forth came nature's plea: "A link—a link—a link, Bobo-link, Bobo-link! a-now-wot! I know it—I know it! a-link—a-link! don't throw it! throw it," etc.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer. We heard the songster through and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and enquired:

Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half shame and half sorrow, he replied:

"Couldn't 'coz he sung so!"

Wit and Humor.

"WORDS AND THEIR USES."

BY A MYSTIFIED QUAKER.

For the Buffalo Daily Courier.

NEW YORK, 4th Month, 10th, '71.

RESPECTED WIFE:—From these few lines my whereabouts thee'll learn—
Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern:
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,
And words, with them, are figments of a reckless mockery!

For instance; as I left the cars, an imp with smutty face,
Said "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "except with inward grace!"
"Is inward grace a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk;
"Hi Daddy! What is inward grace? How does the old thing work?"

"Friend," said I to a Jehu, whose breath suggested gin,
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"
His answer's gross irreverence I shall not soon forget—
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said "You bet!"

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a sin—
Why don't thee answer plainly: Can thee take me to an inn?
Thy vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folks about in—
Then why prevaricate?" Said he, perversely, "Now yer shoutin'!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not!" quoth I, "my speech is mild;"
"But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled.
Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile!"
"See here! my lively moke," said he, "you sling on too much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years and more," said I,
"And when thee says I 'sling on style,' thee tells a wilful lie!"
At that he pranced around us as if "a bee were in his bonnet,"
And with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it!"

"On what? Till thee explains thyself, I cannot tell," I said;
He swore that something was "too thin;" moreover it was "played;"
But all his jargon was surpassed in wild absurdity,
By threats, profanely emphasized to "put a head on me!"

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"
Whereat, he fell upon me with blows and curses, too,
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design—
Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect;
For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and asked "How's that for high?"
It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,
And said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise "cooked his goose;"
Although I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair,
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there

They called me "Bully boy!" although I've seen nigh three score year;
They said I was lightning when I got "up on my ear!"
And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear, or dressed in drab?
"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one inconsequential blab!

Thee can conceive that, by this time, I was some what perplexed;
Yes, the placid spirit in me, has seldom been so vexed:
I tarried there no longer, for plain-spoken men—like me—
With such perverters of our tongue, can have no unity.

—*Frank Clive.*

Our Boy and His Pranks.

Willie has had eleven years' experience of life, and has been allowed to develop according to nature. This good dame is said to be bountiful in her law of compensation, and will probably bring to our boy some great good later in life to compensate for the numberless ills to which all boy flesh is heir. I have adhered to the idea that much government of youngsters is hurtful, unless they happen to come of a bad stock, and I have been content to lay no other burden upon Willie than the prohibition of lying, which law is understood to be inflexible and eternal. Of course, I have to expostulate ever and anon, as some new and startling development of boy-nature is manifested, but I have never had to inflict punishment, and do not often administer reproof. I paid him 50 cents in silver, some years ago, for his promise "not to shoot off matches in the house," and I keep my powder-horn locked up. I think he groans inwardly under the sense of the disability he bought with that half dollar, but he adheres to the contract manfully. The powder-horn was locked up because I found him, on the last national anniversary, behind the kitchen, trying pyrotechnical experiments. He had abstracted a coal from the range, and was pourin' a steady stream of powder upon it. The experiment failed, because the coal was extinct. There is certainly a special Providence hedging about a boy's life, whatever may be the truth of the doctrine beyond the additional period.

I spent an entire day at home, recently, and it being Saturday, Willie was at home also. It occurred to me that a good opportunity was here presented to investigate the manners and customs of the animal boy in his native state. He had conquered his lessons on Friday night. I overheard him reciting to himself his geographical studies, which appeared to be a list of provinces in Hindostan. He covered the page with his hand, while he sung out his "jography" in this fashion: "Scinde, Agimeer, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Dicksloo, Allogolum, Hulker, Pulker, Peelersgum, Francis!" In looking over the book afterward, I could not find all these provinces set down. He was equally accurate in his task in syntax, making strange confusion with the rule and the example. He rattled the grammar lesson off glibly, thus: "A word is a verb, which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer so—(example)—a woman, a duck, a hen!" However, he went to bed satisfied, and slept the sleep of the just.

At breakfast, on Saturday, the young gentleman appeared with his ordinary shining morning face. I am not entirely satisfied that the rigid adherence to our rule of matutinal ablutions is according to nature. Willie goes through the ceremony every day, but he has once or twice plaintively wished that he were a horse, so that he could be "cleaned off with a curry-comb, like pony." Perhaps there is in boys a latent hydrophobia, which is checked and controlled by those diurnal inflictions. Anyhow, the custom is time-honored, and I do not like to introduce innovations, so Willie has to submit to the daily scouring. With carefully-arranged hair, polished face, clean attire, our boy is pretty well disguised when he appears at the morning meal, but he grows into his normal condition before the day is old.

He commenced the day's regular operations by taking head foremost, down the main staircase, starting with a pitcher of water, and reaching the bottom with the pitcher-handle in his grasp. He turned over twice or thrice during the transit, striking to beat against the wall and balustrades with violence sufficient to beat half a dozen men, and when he got to the bottom howled dismally. He was dried and comforted (I gave him a greenback dollar, and promised him a new four-bladed knife,) and I think he was refreshed by the exercise. He felt that the day was begun. The fragments of the shattered crockery was gathered up, and the innocent little darling was once more turned loose upon the world. There were two or three new phrenological developments on the surface of his cranium, but no new manifestations of character. The organ of benevolence was very materially enlarged by the contact with a thick oaken baluster, for I saw him ten minutes later twisting the cat's tail until she sneezed and yelled hideously. She escaped at last and took refuge in the cherry-tree.—Of course, this could only be a temporary relief. In half an hour she was stoned out, and fled across the yard and over the fence, with her ordinary tail multiplied by three, in diameter, and with a back that surpassed the most astounding Grecian bend I ever saw on Broadway.

From the window of my library is visible the larger part of Willie's usual *habitat*, and during the day he furnished me many opportunities for investigating his habits. He is proprietor of the most extraordinary "dog" that I have yet encountered, and, in the present condition of the quadruped, it would be difficult to assign him his proper place in the canine family. His ears have been scalloped on one side, and turned into points on the other. His caudal appendage has been shortened to an inch. This curtailment was effected under Willie's directions, when Sneak, that is the dorg, was caught in the act of egg-sucking. Thus shorn of his active proportions, Sneak is still a dog of parts. His master has taught him to go lame in one leg, to sit up on end and "beg," and to haul his wagon about the yard. So, when I heard the clatter of Willie's wagon under my window, and his stentorian orders to his "team," I peeped through the blind to study his equipage. To my astonishment he was driving double. Sneak was on the off-side of the pole, and a pet Berkshire pig on the other. They were harnessed with twine, eked out by bits of old bridles for traces. It was evident, at the first glance, that the porker was not well broken. He was balky, and obstinate, and Willie had his hands full. The dorg-horse was kind and gentle, and wagged his absurd stump of a tail vigorously, even while sorely perplexed by the erratic course of his "match." I foresaw the catastrophe, which came in due time. Piggy bolted, tore himself and the vehicle clear of Sneak, and galloped off to the stable, scattering the fragments of the wagon to the right and left. It was a regular smash-up.

At noon Willie came in to luncheon. The regulations at this repast only require clean hands and face, and large liberty in the matter of attire is granted. Our boy's habiliments were somewhat the worse for wear and tear, but his digestive powers were unimpaired. The quantity of bread and butter, cold beef, and cake, that he put out of sight would have kept a small family of adults a week. I inquired into the results of the "runaway," expecting a doleful complaint of loss; but Willie assured me that the damage was inconsiderable. "I got that wagon last Christmas, pa," he observed, "and it was most broke anyhow." I then asked if he was satisfied with the result of his attempt to train piggy, and received a reply in the negative, very promptly. "I'll fix piggy," he remarked, "after lunch." The young gentleman did not seem at all disconcerted, and I felt that he might be safely left to his own resources.

My neighbor is a very enterprising market-gardener, and probably a valuable member of society, but our intercourse is limited to purely business transactions. He also is the possessor of a boy, a few years older than Willie, and far more advanced in worldly knowledge. I have had a lurking suspicion, for some time, that this youth, whose name is Dicky, is not precisely the associate I would select for Willie, and have, consequently, rather discouraged their intercourse. Dicky does not trespass on my premises very frequently, and the colloquies betwixt the boys are usually conducted through the partition fence. When I saw them together at the stable, after luncheon, I was tempted to call my boy into the library, and sacrifice an illustrated volume in his entertainment. Before I acted upon this impulse the *denouement* arrived.

An unusual uproar, a mixture of yells, squeals, and grunts, drew me to the window, and I saw Willie astride of piggy, who was goaded into a gallop by Dicky and a sharp stick. Piggy had been indulging in a luxurious wallow, and his coat was not at all nice, but Willie was not particular. He sat his gallant steed with the air of a Centaur, his knees clasping the reeking sides, one hand grasping the off ear, and the other waving in triumph over his head. Dicky faithfully performed his duties, and poked his stick into him and shoulder industriously and mercilessly. The porker doubled at short angles, evidently trying to unseat his rider, who clung to him with the tenacity of death. At last the trio came down the path by the garden, with the sweep of a tornado. Willie was dashed against the palings, and the tortured pig escaped. The last I saw of him was the curl in his tail, as he tore out in the main road, hotly pursued by Dicky.

No bones were broken. Our boy was bathed and dressed for dinner in due time. I looked at him that night as he lay in his crib, rosy and serene in peaceful slumber, and marvelled that his small body could contain so large a quantity of what is commonly called the devil.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Korn.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Korn is a serial, I am glad ov it.

It got its name from Series, a primitif woman, and in her day the goddess ov oats and sich like.

Korn iz sometimes called maize, and it grows in sum parts ov the Western country very amazingly.

I have seen it out there 18 foot hi (I don't mean the aktual korn itself, but the tree on which it grows.)

Korn has ears, but never has but one ear, which is az deff as an adder.

Injun meal is made out ov korn, and korn dodgers is made out of injun meal, and korn dodgers are the tuffest chunks ov the bread] purswashun, known tew man.

Korn dodgers are made ov water, with injun meal mixt into it, and then baked on a hard board, in the presence ov a hot fire.

When yu kant drive a 10 penny nail into them, with a sledge hammer, they are said, bi good judges, to be well done, and are redy tew be chawed upon.

They will keep 5 years, in a damp place, and not gro tender, and a dog hit with one of them will yell for a week, and then crawl under the barn and mutter for two days more.

I hav knawed two hours miself on one side of a korn dodger without prodooing enny result.

They git the name "dodger" from the immejiate necessity ov dodgeing if one is hove accidentally at yu in anger.

It iz far better tew be smote bi a 5-year old steer, than a korn dodger that iz only three hours old.

Korn was first discovered bi the injuns, but whare they found it I don't kno, and I don't kno enny how.

Whiskey (sollo whiskey), is made out ov korn, and whiskey is one ov the greatest blessings known tew man.

We never should have bin able tew fill our state prisons with enterprising men, and our poorhouses with good eaters, if it want for sollo whiskey.

We never should have had enny temperance men or society, nor prize fites, nor winkee rings, nor nothing, if it wasn't for blessed whiskey.

If it want for korn, who could enny boddy git horned?

And if it want for getting horned, what would life be worth?

We should all sink down to the level ov the brute, if it want for getting horned.

The brutes don't git horned, they hain't enny reason for sich.

We often hear of "drunken brutes," this is a kompliment to oxen which don't belong tew them.

Korn also has kurnels, and kurnels are often korned, so are brigadeer ginerals.

Johnny kake is made out of korn, so is hasty puddin.

Hasty puddin and milk is quick tew eat.

All you have got to do iz to gap, and swallo, and that iz the last ov the puddin.

Korn waz familliar tew antiquity. Joseph waz sent down into Egipt after sum korn, but his brothers didn't want him to go, so they took pitty on him and pittied him in a pit.

When his brothers got back hum and were asked whare Joe waz, they didn't acknowledge the korn, but lied sum.

It has been proved, that it iz wicked to lie about korn, or enny ov the other vegetables.

There is this difference between lieing, and sawing wood, it iz easier to lie, espeshily in the shade.

Korn has got one thing that nobody else has got, and that iz a kob.

This kob runs thru the middle ov the korn, and iz as phull of korn as Job was ov biles.

I alwuz feel sorry when I think ov Job, and wonder how he managed to set down in a chair.

Knowing how tew set down square on a bile, without hurting the chair, iz one ov the lost arts.

Job was a card, he had more pashunce, an biles tew the square inch, than iz usual.

One hundred and twenty-five akers ov korn tew the bushel iz konsidered good krop, but I have seen more.

I hav seen korn sold for 10 cents a bushel, and in some parts uv the Western country, it iz so much, that thare aint no good law against steeling it.

In konklushun, if yu want to git a sure krop ov korn, and a good price for the krop, feed about 4 quarts ov it to a shanghi rooster, then murder the rooster immejately, and sell him for 17 cents a pound, krop and all.

Wirt and Webster in a Trial of Wit.

Daniel Webster was once engaged in the trial of a case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the "Life of Patrick Henry," which had been criticised as a brilliant romance. In the progress of the case, Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony, he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and that he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and, coolly eyeing the witness a moment, he said:

"Mr. K——, allow me to ask you if you have ever read a work called the 'Baron Munchausen?'"

Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster rose quickly to his feet, and said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favor, I promise not to interrupt you again."

Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied, "Yes, most certainly;" when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said:

"Sir, have you ever read Wirt's 'Patrick Henry?'"

The effect was irresistible, and even the Judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster, said: "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up," which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the suit.—*Bench and Bar, by J. J. Bigelow.*

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A Little Girl Falls Thirty Feet and Escapes with her Life.

From the Lynchburg Republican, June 18th.

A most distressing accident occurred at the bridge over Blackwater Creek and the track of the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, at the foot of Sixth Street, in this city, last Sunday evening, which is in some respects one of the most wonderful cases on record, when it is recollected that the distance from the floor of the bridge to the ground is not less than 30 feet.

Two children, the daughters of Major Robert H. Glass, aged respectively two and a half and five years, visited the bridge Sunday evening without the knowledge of their parents, and it is supposed—for nothing definite is known—that they were looking down at the water from a position on one of the sleepers of the bridge, which is a few inches lower than the plank walk, when the younger child, Marian L. lost her footing, and went whirling through the air, striking the hard ground but a foot or two from the edge of the creek. Several boys were on the railroad track, and saw the child fall. They promptly gave the alarm, and Mr. Leslie E. Talbot, who chanced to be at the end of the bridge, leaped over the abutment to the railroad track, at the imminent risk of disabling himself, and in company with a young man named Chesley Hardy, approached the little sufferer, expecting to find her a mangled corpse. She was not only alive but rational, and said to Hardy, "Help me."

She was immediately conveyed to her father's residence on Church street, and several physicians promptly summoned. Her injuries were found to be very severe. Her right thigh bone was broken in two places above the knee, and about three inches apart. One end of the broken bone protruded one and a half inches through the skin, and was a ghastly sight to behold. But the most wonderful thing connected with the case is, that the piece of bone, three inches long, was entirely separated from the broken ends, reversed its position, or in other words, *changed ends* in the fall, without materially injuring blood-vessels or muscles.

It was first thought that amputation of the leg would be necessary, but it was subsequently decided by Dr. Owen and several other physicians, to remove the short bone only, which was done without incision, leaving the wound to heal up as best it may. It is hoped that no further operation will be required, and it is believed, notwithstanding the very serious nature of her injuries, that the little sufferer will recover.

How Counterfeit Notes are Made.

A party of men, say from three to a dozen, band together and hold frequent meetings, and act according to a plan laid down. One or two will find out some copper plate printer in the employ of the bank note company—in fact, all such printers are known by the party. These men will then manage to meet one of the printers in the evening, get acquainted, drink and have a good time generally with him, and so proceed for a few evenings. Then they offer him $50 to $100 to procure a certain kind of impression. This impression is made in this wise: The printer will take the impression upon tin foil from the plate from which he is printing, which can be done in a moment. This, you see, every line and the size is obtained correctly. From this tin foil an electrotype plate is made. They then get some plate printer that can be found about the city, have a good time with him, engage him at twenty dollars a day to do the printing. By this plan thousands of copies are struck off that defy detection, except in the quality of the paper, which will differ from the genuine.

HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S

Farm and House.

COUNTRY AND CITY.

An old farm house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side,
A bright eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbines wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all day—
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long—
"O could I only tread once more
The field path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

For the Blade.

Cooking and Preserving Strawberries.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE. — Into three pints of flour rub dry, two teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar; add half a tea-cup of butter, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of milk and water. Mix quickly and roll to an inch in thickness and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Take a quart of strawberries and add cream and sugar to make sauce. For this purpose small sized and rather acid berries with sprightly flavor are preferable. When the short-cake is done, divide it in three layers, butter them, and spread the strawberries between. Eat while warm.

STRAWBERRY DUMPLINGS.—Crust to be made the same as directed for short-cake; roll half an inch thick; put about a gill of strawberries in each dumpling. Bake, steam or boil 1-2 hour.

STRAWBERRY PIES.—Line your pie dish with crust made in the usual manner; fill the dish with berries of medium size; sprinkle on a little flour and sugar in proportion to the acidity of the berries. Cover with a crust

STRAWBERRY JAM.—For every pound of strawberries take 3-4 of sugar. The berries should be mashed in a preserving kettle, and sugar thoroughly mixed with them. Boil from 20 minutes to half an hour, stirring constantly.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Take strawberries when fully ripe, strain them, and to each pint of juice add a pound of best refined sugar. Boil briskly, skimming when necessary, for ten or fifteen minutes, or until it will jelly, which may be known by dropping a little into cold water. If done it will fall to the bottom in a mass.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Mash the fruit gently, drain it on a sieve; strew a little sugar on it. When well drained, without being pressed, add sugar and cream to the juice, and if too thick a little milk. Whisk it about and as the froth rises lay it on a sieve, when no more will rise put the cream in a dish and lay the froth upon it.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—Put the fruit in the preserving kettle; if very dry add a little sugar-water to prevent burning. Boil three minutes, or just long enough to be sure the whole mass is thoroughly heated—not cooked. Dip into cans, filling them completely; seal quickly and set in a cool place. Glass jars containing fruit should be kept in a dark place or covered over with dark paper or cloth. Open and add sugar sometime before using.

STRAWBERRY WINE.—To one gallon of juice, strained, add two and a half pounds of sugar—no water; let it stand in an open vessel 24 hours, occasionally skimming the scum that rises. Then fill the cask in which it is put full, only reserving room enough to fill up as in process of fermentation; when completed stop tightly. Let stand three months—draw off and bottle.

A LADY FRIEND.

A Grub in the Eye of a Filly.

I have a filly coming two years old which has a grub in one of her eyes just like a large maggot. I can see it at times rise up from the under side of the eye to a point opposite the pupil, and look as if it were coming out of the eye, and then go to the under-side of the eye again. It seems to have destroyed the pupil; but if you could devise some means of taking out the grub and saving the eye, you would very much oblige—A Welsh Subscriber. [In this country visitors such as you describe are rarely found in the eye. In India and some other tropical countries worms are, however, frequently discovered in the eyes of horses, floating as you describe in the aqueous humor. The Cysticerci, one of the transitional forms of the tapeworm, has also been found in the eye as in so many other organs. Such intruders produce, of course, much inconvenience, but are removed by cutting through the corner with a sharp knife. The aqueous humor escapes, but with it the pent-up occupant of the closed chamber. Prepared by a dose of physic before operation, the horse is afterwards kept perfectly quiet in a darkened stable for ten days or a fortnight, his diet the while being simple and laxative, the eye requiring no dressings, and the clean cut edges of the cornea speedily adhering. The statement that "the pupil has been dertroyed" is evidently some mistake; the pupil or opening through the iris through which light passes into the interior of the eye may probably have become altered in shape, but there may not yet be any serious damage to the seeing part of the eye. Your veterinary surgeon, who alone is competent to undertake so delicate an operation, will find it desirable to rub the cyclids every second day with a little extract of belladonna, so as to prevent the iris or movable curtain of the eye becoming fixed down by adhesion to the texture over which it moves. If the iris appears to be unduly contracted, one or two applications may be made of the tincture of the Calabar bean, which in its effects is directly antagonistic to belladonna. A moment's consideration should be given to the curious manner in which a worm or grub gets across to a closed chamber like that containing the aqueous humor. In the form of an ovum or of some equally minute transition form, the embryo parasite must travel along with the blood, become discharged with the blood plasma, from the capillary ramifications into the translucent albuminous fluid. A similar mode of transit doubtless occurs in the case of the worms which are occasionally found in the muscles, brain, testicles, and other closed organs both of men and animals.—*North British Agriculturist.*

Drill and Broadcast Sowing.

At the annual general meeting of the Eastern Forfarshire Farmers' Association, Mr. Henderson, of Kinnesig, read the following report of experiments in drill and broadcast sowing made by himself and Mr. Peter Haughs, of Kinnaird:

The field on which these experiments were made is a light, black soil lying on gravel, is under a rotation of sevens, and had been in turnips in 1869; well manured with farm-yard dung, having 2 cwt. guano and 2 cwt. dissolved bones in addition. The season, the reporter would remark, was an unusually dry one, and unfavorable for crops on such soils. He believes, however, that it afforded fair test of the comparative merits of drill and broadcast sowing, and reports as follows:

Barley sown by drills, 1st April, 1870, 1 acre; seed, 3 bushels. Cut 12th August, 1870. Produce—weight, 55 lbs. per bushel, 4 qrs. 2 bushels 37 lbs.; light grain, 371 lbs.; straw, 98 stones.

Barley sown broadcast, of same date 1 acre; seed, 4 bushels. Produce—weight, 54½ lbs. per bush., 4 qrs. 9 lbs.—2 bush. 28 lbs. Straw, 82 stones 16 lbs.—15 stones 6 lbs.

Result—Increase of barley, after drilling, 2 bushels 28 lbs.; add for extra seed to broadcast, 1 bushel; 3 bushels 26 lbs. In straw per acre, 15 stones 6 lbs. in favor of drill.

Oats sown by drill, 31st March, 1870, 1 acre; seed, 4 bushels. Cut 13th August, 1870. Produce—weight, 43½ lbs. per bushel, 5 qrs. 1 bushel 15 lbs.; light grain, 30 lbs.; straw, 117 stones 2 lbs.

Oats sown broadcast of same date, 1 acre, seed, 4 bushels. Produce—weight 43 lbs. per bushel, 5 qrs. 28 lbs.; straw, 108 stones 13 lbs.—8 stones 11 lbs.

Result—Increase of oats after drilling, 27 lbs., add for extra seed to broadcast, 1 bushel. Say, 1 bushel 27 lbs. in favor of drill. In straw, per acre, 8 stones 11 lbs. in favor of the drill.

The Blight in Pear Trees.

Several nurserymen in Geneva, New York, says the *Horticulturist*, are now using salt freely in their pear nurseries, at from 200 to 400 lbs. per acre yearly, and say that it has a wholesome tendency to correct the disposition to blight, as also to prevent it for the future. Certain it is that where used there have been less indications of its prevalence than in other parts where it is not used. We believe that salt is yet to play a very important part in our agriculture and horticulture as a top dressing or for mixture with concentrated manure. It is now, together with lime, the very best of all applications to mix with muck and reduce it to a friable condition. Iron shavings, copperas in solution, have also been used, as also potash manure, and been found of special efficacy in restoring the trees to full health and renewed vigor. An instance in point is just related by a correspondent of the *Rural Messenger:*

"I had a very fine pear tree (Flemish Beauty,) that became affected, first by blight in one limb, which I removed, and then another and another was affected in the same way, until I had removed a considerable portion of the top of the tree. Early next spring I resolved to try the application of scrap iron to the roots.—I procured my iron, removed the soil from the roots carefully, deposited the iron between them, and replaced the earth. There was no further progress in the blight, the tree continued to grow that season, and the next leaves and blossoms came out vigorously, no black spots appeared on the leaves and the tree bore finely, and no appearance of disease was in the tree afterward. In subsequent conversation with friends I found that some of them had become informed on the same subject, and had tried the same remedy with perfect success. Some told me that they had procured turning and drilling chips from the machine shops and had used them, as they thought, with much advantage to their trees.

Melon Sugar.

Sugar is a necessary of life in all civilized lands, and to make it an article of home production has always been the aim of progressive agriculturists in all countries. About eleven-twelfths of the sugar used in the world is obtained from the cane, the annual yield from this source being about four billion five hundred million pounds. The other twelfth of the yearly product is derived mainly from the beet-root, the palm, the maple, and the sorghum. It has been proposed to make sugar from green cornstalks, which contain true cane-sugar, but the manufacture from this source has never amounted to much. Melons also contain cane-sugar, and in Hungary and Italy, it is said, large establishments are devoted to the production of sugar from this saccharine fruit. The Sacramento (Cal.) *Union* calls attention to this, and devotes considerable space to setting forth the advantages of the melon over the beet-root for the purpose indicated. As melons are easily grown in most portions of this country, their utilization in the manufacture of sugar, if as feasible as asserted, might be made the basis of a profitable and extended industry.

According to the article in the journal referred to, melons necessitate much less labor in plowing the ground and in weeding among the young plants than is required with beets. Farther, there is no digging of roots, no washing or trimming of tops and leaves, and the process of sugar making can be commenced a month earlier than with beets. The seeds of the melon yield sixteen per cent. of oil, which sells for enough to pay one-half the expense of cultivating the crop. The cost of expressing the juice and separating the sugar is much less with melons than with beets, but the proportion of saccharine material in the juice is only seven per cent. in the latter. In many regions where, as in some parts of California, the soil is impregnated with alkali, beets take up so much of the alkaline substance as to impair and even destroy their sugar-yielding property; but nothing of this occurs in the growth of melons. The gist of the matter, moreover, seems to be given by the writer in the statement that, while a beet sugary, costing seventy-five thousand dollars—a small one of its kind—cannot be expected to pay more than thirty per cent. of its cost, a melon sugary, costing twenty thousand dollars, will give a dividend of thirty-four per cent. These data, we understand, are derived from experience and observation in Hungary, and certainly afford encouragement to those who may wish to undertake the introduction of this, to American farmers, new sources of sugar production.—*American Artisan.*

Packing Eggs to Keep Through Hot Weather.

The most certain and most lasting mode of preservation consists in covering the eggs in a jar filled with lime water, recently prepared and keeping them in a cool place. The lime water is prepared from quicklime, or that which has been slacked but lately, by placing it in a quantity of water greater than would cover the eggs. The milk of lime which is thus formed is allowed to stand several hours. The clear liquid which separates itself from the excess of lime used is the lime water which is poured off for use. Lime water not only prevents the evaporation, since the eggs are plunged in the liquid, but the alkali which it holds in solution closes the pores of the shell and prevents all fermentation, either of the eggs or of the organic matter which the water might contain.

The Household.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOS.—Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite; the smoke will soon fill the room and expel mosquitoes; do this at bed-time, and the next morning there will not be one to be found, though the windows have been left open for the night. Try it. D. O. S.

LETTUCE DRESSING.—The *Feed Journal* says: "For a family of six, boil 3 eggs for ten minutes, throw them into cold water for a minute, peel off the shells, cut and mash them fine, and mix with them two table spoonfuls of melted butter or sweet oil, two table spoonfuls of mustard prepared as for meats, a dish of pepper, and a little salt. Cut the lettuce fine, pour over it vinegar, and sprinkle sugar to taste, then mix with it the prepared egg. This dish is as appetizing as it is nutritious and delicious."

GOLD LIQUID.—Mix bronze powder with gum water; a little spirits of wine will make it keep better. The proportions are easily ascertained by trial.—Pieces of glass may be put in the bottle to assist in shaking up the heavy powder which settles at the bottom.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD WALKS.—Having previously graded and rolled the ground, heat your tar very hot, and with a long-handled dipper begin at one end of a pile of quite coarse gravel, pouring on the tar, quickly shovelling over and over so as to mix thoroughly. Cover the ground 2½ or three inches deep with the tarred gravel, and then roll. Clean the roller with a broom as you proceed. Then put on a layer of finer tarred gravel 1½ inches thick, and roll. Then sprinkle the surface with hot tar, spreading the tar with a broom; finally, cover the surface with a light coat of fine sand, and your walk is complete, ready for use. It will improve in hardness by age. Provide portable tar kettles, screens, a roller not very heavy, and tools for systematic work, and you can hardly fail to derive satisfaction.—*Scientific American.*

ANTIDOTE FOR POISONS.—A farmer writes: "It is now over twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poison. Practice, observation and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind, both on man and beast. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as for a man. One of the most extreme cases of snake bites occurred eleven years ago. It had been thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by his physician. I gave him a spoonful of oil, which effected a cure. It will cure bloat in cattle caused by fresh clover. It will cure the sting of bees, spiders or other insects, and persons who have been poisoned by ivy."

TO FASTEN RUBBER TO WOOD AND METAL.—As rubber plates and rings are almost exclusively used for making connections between steam and other pipes and apparatus, much difficulty is experienced in making an air-tight connection. This is obviated entirely by employing a cement which fastens alike well to the rubber and to the metal or wood. Such cement is prepared by a solution of shellac and ammonia. Soak pulverized gum shellac in 10 times its weight of strong ammonia, when a slimy mass is obtained, which in 3 to 4 weeks will become liquid without the use of hot water. This softens the rubber, and becomes, after volatilization of ammonia, hard and impermeable to gasses and fluids.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

TO PREVENT THE CRACKING OF WOODEN FAUCETS, ETC.—Put the articles in melting paraffine, and heat them there at a temperature of 212 deg. F., until bubbles of air cease to escape from the wood. The whole is then allowed to cool to about 120 F., when the wood is taken from the bath and cleaned from the adhering paraffine by rubbing with a dry coarse piece of cloth.

Mr. P. Pusy, Commissioner of Statistics for Minnesota, has, it is claimed, been very successful in past years in estimating the amount of the agricultural products of that State. From the information obtained he makes the following estimates for the present year—on the supposition that the present prospects are not interfered with by unfavorable weather, diseases or insects. Wheat, 1,100,000 acres, yield 22,000,000 bushels; oats, 440 000 acres, yield 35 bushels per acre, 15,400,000 bushels; corn, 272,000 acres, yield 37 bushels per acre, or 10,000,000 bushels; barley, 66,670 acres, yield 30 bushels per acre, or about 2,000,000.

TO KEEP BUTTER SWEET.—No better plan has ever been devised than to put it in clean jars and cover it with strong brine. No kind of vessel, cask, or tub, will answer as well as the jar. In this way it can be kept fresh and sweet for twelve months.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

TO BEND MAHOGANY OR WALNUT MOULDING.—Take two pieces of lumber, one to fit the inside, the other the outside of the moulding (the lumber being cut to the curves required); soak the moulding in boiling water for ten minutes; then put it between the pieces of lumber; then clamp them together, slowly bending the moulding; let it stand for three days, and it will be fit for use.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The repairing ship Scandinavia grappled and connected the ends of the broken '65 cable on the 20th.

The shipment of Texas cattle is very large. The prairies in the vicinity of Big Cabin, Kansas, are covered with stock.

The daily *Radical*, a newspaper which will support President Grant for re-election, will appear in Nashville in a few days. Capital has been raised to carry it on.

The National Musical Convention at Philadelphia has adopted a constitution and by-laws under the title of the National Musical Protective Association of the United States.

President Grant will start on his trip to California about the 10th of August. All the members of the Cabinet will accompany him, and he will be absent five weeks. The President will not visit Oregon, as has been stated.

Harry Hill and Wm. Varley, *alias* Reddy the Blacksmith, were arrested on the 20th by order of the Superintendent of Police, as the principal backers of Edwards and Collins, prize fighters, and turned over to the Queens county authorities for trial.

George H. Pendleton has left for Europe to bring back his family, where they have been for the past two years, a month earlier than he intended, in order that he may get back early in August and take part in the exciting canvass which will take place in Ohio the coming autumn.

The returns of the Agricultural Department indicate an increased average in wheat compared with that of last year of four per cent of three-fourth millions of acres, nearly all of which is west of the Mississippi. The crop will probably be fully equal to that of last year.

Considerable excitement has been created in Louisville, the past few nights, by a mysterious burglar who enters houses, cuts off the hair of sleeping young ladies, and throws the contents of the bureau drawers around the room, then departs, carrying off nothing.

In the Methodist Book Concern trial the 20th the evidence of Lanahan as to the charges of fraud against the bindery department, which his counsel said amounted to $25,000, was ruled out as not bearing on the issue now before the court, as was also the evidence as to the relations between Lanahan and Carleton. The ruling on the latter point was objected to, but was sustained, nine to six. A resolution was adopted that it was no part of the purpose of the committee, in asking Lanahan to submit what new evidence he had of fraud and mismanagement in the Book Concern, to make such matters part of the proceedings in the present investigation.

The cases of Preston and Graves, under sentence of death for Ku-Kluxing young Schofield, of Memphis, last July, came up before the Supreme Court of Jackson, Tenn., on the 20th. On motion for a new trial, D. K. McCrea opened the argument for the defense. Attorney General Wright opened the argument for the prosecution.

Last Friday a man named Bill Garrett was arrested near Saulsbury, Tennessee, on suspicion of having stolen a horse the night before. He was placed in jail Sunday morning and it was found in a short time afterwards that the jail had been broken open and the prisoner gone, and that afterwards a negro found the body of Garrett in the woods about a mile from town with marks of a rope on his neck and a bullet hole in his forehead. An inquest was held on the body, but nothing was elicited to show who did the deed.

A terrible tornado swept over south western Kansas on Friday evening last. The town of Eldorado was nearly destroyed. Over 100 houses were demolished; loss, about $60,000. The storm did great damage to the crops. Fences were blown down and houses unroofed throughout that scope of country. It was the severest storm known on the plains for years.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, at St. Louis, Martin Morrissey was run over by a railroad train on the levee, and had both of his legs cut off near the body, and one of his hands torn to shreds. About ten minutes before another man named James Wilson was run over by the same train and had one foot crushed and his body badly bruised. Both men were lying drunk on the track.

A number of National Bank Presidents from Boston, Philadelphia and New York, met at the American Exchange, in the latter city, on the 20th, to protest against the collection of tax on bank dividends for the five months ending June, 1871, the banks claiming that there are no laws obliging them to make such payment. A committee was appointed to proceed to Washington to lay the question before the authorities there.

GOSSIP

Brigham Young was seventy on the first of June.

The opium trade of India is expected to net $40,000,000 next year.

Londoners say that one-third of the population of that city never saw a grain-field.

In Chicago it is proposed to abolish the lighthouse at the mouth of Chicago river as an unnecessary expense, "the sense of sine II of the pilots being all that is requisite to enable them to make the harbor."

A young gentleman of Pittsfield, Mass., has recently involved himself in difficulty by stealing empty bottles from the back door of a drug store, and then carrying them round to the front door and selling them to the owner.

A jury during a recent term of the Prince Edward, Nev., county court brought in the following verdict: "We, the jury, find for plaintiff and assess his damages at twenty-eight bushels of corn." The judge sent them back to assess damages in money.

General R. K. Scott states that he recently found on a plantation near Charleston, S. C., a man working as a common field hand who was highly cultivated and capable of speaking and writing ten languages, Greek and Arabic among them. He earned so little that he was forced to teach school in the evening to support himself in the simplest manner.

The New Jersey legislature has enacted a temperance law that reaches a vital point of the evil. It provides that if any person shall sell to another any distilled spirits, or malt liquors manufactured of spurious ingredients, poisons or adulterations of any kind, the offender shall be punished by a fine of one thousand dollars and imprisonment not exceeding two years.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has lately built at Quincy, Mass., a fire-proof building, in which has been placed the large library of his father, and the voluminous manuscripts of his father and grand-father. He is preparing for publication a selection from the writings of his illustrious father. It is eighty-three years since John Adams bought the Quincy estate, which has now become historical.

The newest swindling operation that has come to the knowledge of the New York police, is to notify parties residing at various places in the country that some (supposed) relative of the same name has died suddenly, at an imaginary hotel in that city, leaving behind valuable effects, which will be gladly forwarded, if the country party will forward a post-office order for $15 or $20, as the case may be, to settle up the board bill of the lamented deceased.

Some days ago a little boy in Virginia was killed by the bite of a rattlesnake. The little fellow had gone out with some other members of the family to look for eggs, and in his search he crawled underneath his father's barn. After going some distance under the floor he screamed to his companions that something was killing him. They obtained assistance, and ripped up the planks of the floor, when to their horror they found a large rattlesnake had tightly coiled around his neck. The snake had bitten him in several places on the face and neck, and he was quite dead when taken up.

On Monday evening of last week a South Bristol (Vermont) man beat his wife most unmercifully, and on Wednesday evening a delegation of ladies waited upon him, gave some wholesome advice, and promised him further attentions if he ever repeated the offence. His answer was: "I have read ancient and modern history and rode on a peddler's cart thirteen years, and I think I know something of human nature and when my wife ought to be whipped."

The *World* says: "An extraordinary statement comes to us from Washington, Queen Victoria, we are positively told, has opened negotiations with President Grant for the marriage of her daughter, H. R. H. the Princess Beatrice, with Cadet Frederick Grant, who is about to graduate from West Point. The Queen proposes this union upon the supposition that it will help to rivet the *entente cordiale* between the two countries so happily inaugurated by the Washington treaty. If the arrangements can be made, the marriage will take place on the 4th of March, 1875, when General Grant enters upon a new term of office as President (sic.) and Prince Grant, becoming under the English law an English subject, will be at once appointed by Her Majesty viceroy of the New Dominion. The idea of this matrimonial cementation originated, it is said, with Mr. Seward. In this connection it may be remarked that the venerable Jesse R. Grant, postmaster of Covington, passed hastily through the city yesterday."

There are more than fifty evangelical churches in Mexico, many of them thronged or worship to their utmost capacity.

To remove ink spots, put the article stained over a warm flat-iron, stretch it well, then squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on it, and the spot will disappear at once. Wash immediately in cold water.

As an evidence of the wonderful expansion of Methodism in America, the church organ states the fact that during the past year there was a new church completed, on the average, every three working hours—or four for every day in the year.

The New York *Evangelist* is quite jubilant, and justly so, over the fact that upward of $7,000,000 has been raised as a memorial fund to commemorate the reunion of the Presbyterian Churches. The proposition made a year ago to raise $5,000,000 for that object was deemed extravagant by many, and the success of the project is therefore gratifying.

Two boys in Illinois the other day got a bottle of whisky and went out where some men were at work near the railroad. The men seeing the boys were drunk, told them to go and sleep it off. They went and made their bed on the railroad. A gravel train came along at slow speed, and seeing the boys, the engineer put down the brakes and reversed the engine just in season to save the boys' lives; the lads were thoroughly drunk.

The managers of the Adams Express Company when they are robbed always refuse to negotiate for the return of the plunder, unless it is accompanied by the arrest of the robber. The consequence is that they usually succeed in securing both man and money. They have been very successful in detecting those who have undertaken to commit depredations upon the valuables in the care of the company, and thieves are beginning to understand that it is dangerous to meddle with them.

On the night of the 1st instant, at Fort Dodge, Iowa, on the occasion of the wedding of a railroad official, nearly two hundred persons who had partaken of a repast at the residence of the bride's mother, were taken suddenly ill, manifesting symptoms of poisoning, causing quite an excitement. At first it was supposed that some one bent on mischief had poured croton oil into the eatables, but subsequent investigation established the fact that the confectioner who furnished the ice cream, in making it, used a refrigerator that had not been properly cleaned, verdigris having been found adhering to the sides. He partook of the cream himself and also became very sick.

Miss Della Roberts, a Kentucky school teacher, twenty-two years of age, hung herself last week because of her love for one of her boy pupils, a lad not yet fourteen. On the evening before her death she went to the boy's house, and calling him to the gate said: "Ned, you will never see me again. When you grow to be a man and marry, tell your wife about the woman old enough to be your mother who died on your account." Thus saying, she clasped the object of her strange passion to her bosom, and was never seen alive again.

There seems to be no end of wonders in California. The latest is a remarkable cave near Calaveras, wherein columns and pilasters, ornamented at their capitals with volutes and modillions, at irregular intervals enlist he visitor's attention, while fine representations of tapestry, coruice and fresco work are engraved and plainly visible on its walls. Every form imaginable droopingly hang suspended, presenting all the variegated colors of the rainbow, and brilliantly sparkle from the pale light of a candle like a thousand diamonds, while a like proportion of stalagmite underneath, with their sugar-coated surfaces, are constantly presented to view. Here and there, it is added, are carelessly piled bruised and broken fragments of those appropriate emblems of Infinite Wisdom that have succumbed to the normal destructive qualities of man.

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To Correspondents.

F. B., Wabash County, Minnesota, asks:—Is the Cincinnati Society, organized by the officers of the Revolutionary Army in 1783, still in existence. Who manages the Society?—Several of the State Branches have been dissolved and the funds on hand donated to educational and other institutions. Hon. Hamilton Fish, now Secretary of State, for a time President General of the Society, can give all the information desired

READER, Columbus, Missouri, writes:—Can a soldiers' parents obtain any bounty for a soldier who enlisted in an Ohio Regiment in the fall of 1862, and who served until April 1863, when he died of disease contracted while in the service. Prior to his death he had applied for a discharge, but failed to obtain one, but after his death there was one came to the hospital, it being dated the 12th. He died the 11th day of April, 1863. Now if entitled to any bounty, how much, and how is best to proceed to get it?"—The wife, children or parents, in the order named, are entitled to $100 bounty, under act of July 22d, 1861. Write to T. W. Tallmadge, Columbus, Ohio, for particular directions.

PERRY BATTLES Hagerstown, Ind., writes:—"Are the old land patents made out for the men of 1812, but which were not distributed, good or will a State tax title hold land that was never conveyed by the Government?"—The land patents are good although not distributed. Occupants of the land in undisputed possession for over 21 years, however, have the best title. They have always been willing to purchase the government title at a fair price rather than stand an action of ejectment. The State has no right to tax land which has not passed from the government, hence the tax title is void, under such circumstances.

NASBYITE, Springfield, Ohio, asks:—"Where can I secure all the writings of Nasby. I find only two of his books in our bookstores here."—A new edition of Nasby's writings, including all of the letters heretofore published, will be published this fall by J. N. Richardson, 149 Washington street, Boston. This will be a large, handsome volume, containing all the letters with notes and with thirty two full-page illustrations by Thomas Nast. This book will be sold only by subscription.

D. E. SWANK, Delta, Ohio, asks: "How many cattle, sheep and hogs, are there in the United States, according to the last census."—The returns of 1871 have not been published. According to the returns of 1870 there were in the United States 11,008,925 milch cows, 21,814,098 young cattle, 30,650,804 sheep and 46,945,931 hogs.

J. J. MILLS Bryan, Ohio, writes: "Please tell me in your Answers to Correspondents if you can where or of whom I can obtain the eleventh volume of the history of the rebellion, written by John S. C. Abbott, and you will much oblige."—Write to T. J. Brown, Toledo, Ohio.

WILL, LaGrange, Iowa, writes:—"About 18 years ago, the papers were full of accounts of an intellectual prodigy in the shape of a Vermont boy by the name of T. H. Safford. Can you tell us what has become of him, and what he amounted to, if he lived to be a man."—The question is respectfully submitted.

W. H. THOMPSON, East Line, N. Y., writes:—"I see that Mrs. J. B. M., of Iowa, gives us a rule to mak biscuits, cannot she, or "some other" cook tell us how to make turtle soup. Will you inquire of your correspondents and oblige.

M. S. H., Wapelo, Iowa, writes: "My husband was a soldier. He was taken prisoner, remained ten months in the hands of the rebels, and lost his health by ill treatment and exposure. He was discharged at the end of the war; came home, constitution broken; lingered for five years, suffering with lung disease, when typhoid pneumonia set in and he died. He was told by two physicians and one lawyer that he could get a pension, but said he would not apply for it as long as he could live without it. Can his widow get said pension? I have four children under 16 years of age. Are they entitled to pension?"—You are probably entitled to a pension for yourself and children, but the claim is a complicated and difficult one, and it is therefore impossible for us to give you definite information in regard to the means of obtaining the pension. This you can only obtain by application to some competent attorney engaged in the business.

SARAH E. BIVENS, Saluda, Ind., writes: My husband enlisted in Company G., 6th Ind. Infty., in 1861. In June, 1862, he was left sick, while on the march near Iuka, Mississippi. I have not heard from him since. As his widow am I entitled to any pension or bounty from the Government?"—You are entitled to the back pay and bounty due your husband at the time of his death, if you have not heretofore applied for and received it. It is also probable that a pension could be obtained.

VERMONTER, Roxbury, Vermont, submits the the following:—'Can a soldier draw any back pay, bounty or a pension under any name but his own? Is there not a law forfeiting all claims upon the Government if it is proved that the soldier enlisted under an assumed name? If there is not, it leaves a great chance for frauds. I know of an application being made under the above circumstances. Is not the agent, knowing the man's real name, liable to a fine if he claims him entitled to money under another?"—All applications for pay, bounty or pension should be made in real name of applicant, and if he enlisted under an assumed name, that fact should be stated and his identity as the soldier who performed the service clearly proved. The fact that he enlisted under an assumed name is not necessarily criminal. If the soldier served as a soldier and is entitled to his bounty or pension, he should have it.

A. K., Owl Creek Bottoms, Ohio asks:—"1st. To what government does Lower California belong, or is it a part of California proper? 2d. Has the Queen of England the same power of veto as the President of the United States? 3d. What kind of wood or timber is the tree that is called the 'Big tree of California?' 4th. Would it pay a young man to learn Stenography and follow it as a reporter? Would it pay with the intent of being a professional man, to use for copying &c., for his own reference? 5th. Should the administration change hands, could the party then in power annul the amendments to the Constitution, pay the slaveholders for their slaves and other property lost during the war; also give pensions and bounties to rebel soldiers?"—1. Lower California is a Mexican State. 2. The Queen of England has theoretically a veto upon the measures of Parliament, but this power has not been used by an English sovereign for many years. The Crown convokes, continues or dissolves Parliament. Among the other Constitutional prerogatives of the Crown, are its negative or veto upon the choice of a Speaker by the Commons and upon the bills passed by both houses. 3. The Mammoth Tree of California called *Washingtonia gigantea* or the Big Tree, is often 400 feet in height and from 25 to 34 feet in diameter. The wood closely resembles red cedar, with not quite so even a grain, and is very durable. The bark is sometimes 18 inches thick, of a stringy elastic substance, and reddish brown color. The redwood tree resembles the mammoth. The wood is soft, straight-grained, free splitting, extremely durable and valuable. 4. To learn stenography or phonography, as a practical and professional reporter must learn it, requires time, perseverance and practice. Once mastered, it will pay. Every professional man should understand it. Dickens in "David Copperfield" gives a good idea of the difficulties in the way of mastering the art. As he detailed much of his own experience, it will pay the student to read the book. 5. The amendments ratified by the States could not be annulled by Congress, but the same object might be accomplished by vicious legislation. The party in power in Congress, if having a strong majority might, if so inclined, pay the slaveholders for slaves, and vote pensions, &c., to rebel soldiers.

W., Yorkshire Center, N. Y., asks: "1. What was the National Debt at the commencement and close of Buchanan's Administration. 2. Can the United States Government naturalize the Chinaman? Is there not an agreement with the Ruler not to do so?"—At the close of Pierce's Administration in 1856 the National debt was $30,563,760. At the close of Buchanan's Administration in 1860 the debt was $64,709,703. 2. If by agreement with the Ruler, the correspondent means Emperor of China, we answer that there is no such agreement. By the treaty of 1868 it was agreed that citizens of the United States in China of every religious persuasion and Chinese subjects in the United States shall enjoy entire liberty of conscience and shall be exempt from all disability of persecution on account of their religious faith or worship in either country. The two powers "cordially recognized the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance." It was held that Chinese subjects visiting or residing in the United States shall enjoy all immunities, exemptions and privileges in respect to travel and residence granted to the subjects of the most favored nations and all the privileges of the public educational institutions given to any other foreigners. It was held also that none of the provisions of the treaty should confer naturalization upon the subjects of China in the United States, but nothing is said about the U. S. Government conferring the same, and there is no prohibitory clause in regard to such action by the Government

A SUBSCRIBER, Urbana, Ills., writes: 1. "Who was the author of 'Shoo! Fly?' Why did Alexander Selkirk wish to be put on the Island of Juan Fernandez alone? 3. What did the surnames of people originate from, and why are there more persons by the name of Smith than anything else? What became of Christopher Columbus when he died? Where was Christine Nilsson born, and when?"—1. "Shoo Fly" is an old negro or plantation melody. It was introduced to the public with modifications, variations, &c., with words by Billy Reeves, and music by Frank Campbell. Rollin Howard claimed to have originated the air. 2. Selkirk desired to put off on the island because of a quarrel with his captain. 3. The surnames of people came first from complexion and other personal qualities, from occupation, &c. In olden times names were very simple, as Abraham, David, &c., the single name only being used. There finally became, we will say, so many Johns, Marys, or Jacobs, that some distinguishing quality was added to prevent confusion. These names added were family names, and the custom of adopting family names was enforced by law in England in the reign of Edward II. Names of localities were most common, such as Hill, Dale, Forest, Wood, &c. Then came names derived from occupations. The name Smith is very common because the title was applied originally to blacksmiths, wheelrights, carpenters, masons and "smiters" in general. 4. The remains of Columbus were first deposited in the Convent of St. Francis, Valladolid, Spain. In 1513 they were transferred to the Carthusian Monastery of Las Cuevas; in 1536 the remains were taken to St. Domingo and deposited in the Cathedral at that point. In 1796 the remains were conveyed to the Cathedral of Havana, Cuba, where they now repose. 5. Christine Nilsson was born in Smaland, Sweden, in 1843. She made her debut in Paris in October, 1864, appeared in London in 1867, and came to America in 1870.

THOMAS PUTCHARD, Jr., Tekonsha, asks:—"How many children has Queen Victoria, what are their names, how many are married and to whom are they married?"—Queen Victoria has nine children. Victoria-Adelaide-Mary-Louisa, princess royal, born Nov. 21, 1840,—married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia January 25th, 1858. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9 1841—married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark March 10, 1863. Alice-Maud-Mary, born April 25, 1843—married to Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt, July 1, 1862. Alfred Ernest, born August 6, 1844. Helena-Augusta-Victoria, born May 25, 1846—married to Prince Christian of Schleswig Holstein, July 5, 1866. Louisa-Caroline-Alberta, born March 18, 1848—married to the Marquis of Lorne in 1871. Leopold-George-Duncan-Albert, born April 7, 1853. Beatrice-Mary-Victoria-Feodore, born April 14, 1857.

D. E. REPLOGLE, Osawkie, Kansas, asks: "Where is, or was, the Missouri compromise line; or is there any such a thing?"—The Missouri compromise line was the extended Mason and Dixon's line, or a line extending through the United States, on the same parallel of latitude as the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. A full history of this line was given, two weeks ago. The line was the Missouri compromise line because on the admission of Missouri as a slave State it was agreed that all the territory north of Mason and Dixon's line should be forever free from slavery. These old lines are now, of course, out of date, but they mark interesting points in the great struggle between freedom and slavery.

JOHN W. FOREMAN, East Rush Creek, Perry county, Ohio, asks: "Who was Melchisedek, spoken of in the 7th chapter of Hebrews, Genesis and Psalms? As there is a great diversity of opinion here about this question, you will confer a great favor by answering immediately."—As the opinions of theologians as to the person of Melchisedek and the nature of his priesthood have always greatly varied, we cannot undertake to settle the question. He is represented as a "priest of the most high God" and "King of Salem." It is generally agreed that Salem was the original of Jerusalem. In the ancient church, a sect, called Melchisedekites, regarded Melchisedek as an incarnation of divine power, and as superior to Christ. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, Melchisedek is represented as a type of Christ and his office is represented as superior to the Aaronic priesthood. Our correspondent will readily see that any answer to this question is only the expression of an opinion, and the opinion of his Minister or Sunday school teacher, if they are close readers and students, is perhaps as good as any.

H. G., Pawnee, Sangamon county, Ill., asks: "1. Can a person that does not wish to become an actual resident at present, buy Government or railroad land in Kansas or Nebraska, and at about what price. 2 Where should I send to get a plat of the lands of southern Kansas, or of Nebraska?"—If there is any land in market, yes. For particular information on both points, write to Register of the Land Office at Topeka, Kansas, and to the Register at West Point, Nebraska.

J. R., Vermillion county, Illinois, writes: "1. Bade, the past tense of bid, by McGuffey is given with the e silent. Webster makes the pronunciation 'bad.' Now, if pronounced 'bad,' the same as the word meaning ill or evil, why the difference in spelling the two words? And how shall we read Mark, 9th chapter and 38th verse, 'And we forbade him,' &c.? I have always been used to pronouncing and hearing it pronounced, giving the "a" the same sound as in babe. Which is right, the authors quoted or public usage? 2. We often hear a minister announce his hymn thus: 'Page one hundred and twenty-sixth.' If the word page comes first should it not read 'page one hundred and twenty-six. Or if 'sixth' is used, the word 'page' should follow, thus: One hundred and twenty-sixth page. So with announcing chapters in reading. If there is any rule on the subject, I should like to know where to find it."—Our correspondent on second sober thought, will decide that the first question should not have been asked in the way given above. Public usage does not pronounce "bade" any other way than it is given by Webster and authors of text books, because dictionaries are authority in such cases and direct the people. Would it not be very curious that a dictionary which is simply the record of the language, compiled by the best scholars, should be wrong and an individual community right. The word "bade" is pronounced as if spelled "bad" and the "a" in forbade has the same sound. As to why the words are spelled differently, we might say because they mean differently. But the question is a very thoughtless one. We might as well ask why the words "bare" and "bear" are spelled differently or why the words "right," "rite," and "write" are spelled differently. 2. The minister should say page 126, or "the 126th page." Page 126th is not correct. The only rule is that applying in general to the cardinal and ordinal numbers. When the reader says page so and so, he means the *number*, is, say 126. When he reads 126th page, he means—'taking the pages in *order*, this is the 126th page."

ENQUIRER, Clinton, Missouri, asks:—"To what place in the British Provinces did the Tories go, who were banished from New York during the Revolutionary War. By answering the above you will confer a great favor on the undersigned.—Many went to Nova Scotia. There were settlements of Tories at many other points, but as many of these considered their residence only temporary, they resided in different places, and at the close of the war returned to the U. S.

DAVID L. DALLY, Harrisburgh, asks where he can purchase a good "cattle doctor" book.—Inquire for "Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals," or subscribe for some good Agricultural papers say the *American Farm Journal*, published by Miller, Locke & Co., Toledo, O.

T. D. WEAVER, Clearfield Co., Pa.—The microscope is as represented. Send as directed in the advertisement, or inquire of the jewellers or book dealers in your county town.

A READER OF THE BLADE. Nodaway Mills, Page county, Iowa, asks if the American Publishing House, Hartford, is reliable. Yes.

READER. Summerfield, Ohio, asks:—What is the true pronunciation of the word "Chignon."—2. How many organizations of anti-Masons are there in the United States. 3. What qualifications are necessary to learn surveying.—What is the true way of pronouncing "Locke." Is it Loke or Lock—1. The word "Chignon" is pronounced "Shingon, nearly. You had better ask some well informed lady to pronounce it for you, as it is impossible to represent the sound in letters. 2. We know of no Anti-Mason Societies that have a distinctive and sharply defined organization, although there are societies with anti-masonic tendencies. The Anti-Mason party ceased to exist after the exciting campaigns of 1835 and '36. 2. To commence the study of surveying, you should have a good common school education, should thoroughly understand arithmetic and have some knowledge of higher mathematics. 4. The name Locke is pronounced as if spelled "Lock."

A SUBSCRIBER, Belmore, Ohio, submits the following:—"As questions both silly and momentous are being asked, I would inquire if a light and well muscled man could not pass through the air, in any direction he wanted to, by means of a band around his waist with artificial wings, and a sack sufficiently large, which, when inflated with hydrogen gas, to lift him from the ground, attached, wings to be worked by the hands; or was the experiment ever tried?"—The experiment has been tried, but the success was not brilliant. The large balloon is only "sufficiently large" to raise the man and a light basket. The plan suggested would necessitate rather a large "gas bag" and we imagine that the operator's position would not be a very pleasant one.

BUCKTAIL, Perrysville, Juniata Co., Pa., writes: "I enlisted May 29th, 1861, in the 1st Pa. Rifles (Bucktails.) was taken prisoner at Coal Harbor, Va., May 30th, 1864, being at the time of capture, 1st Sergeant. June 6th, 1864, I was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of Co. F. 190th Pa. Volunteers, and ordered upon duty by special order 154, Headquarters Army Potomac, dated June 6th, 1864. Sept. 18th, 1864, I was commissioned Captain in the same company and regiment, but owing to my absence as a prisoner, I could not be *mustered*. During my absence, my company was commanded by a detail from another company, I being the only officer commissioned in the company. I made three attempts to escape, and was once run down and captured by the hounds near Millen, Ga. On the 12th of October, 1864, I escaped for the last time in company with James Coyle, 20th Ill. Volunteer, and after enduring extreme suffering, reached the Union lines at Atlanta, November 12, 1864, having traveled just one month, altogether by night. I done duty in company A., 82d Ohio, on the "March to the Sea," and reached my regiment in the spring of 1865, and was mustered to include March 1st 1865, the date of my return.

By joint resolution, amendatory of "joint resolution for the relief of certain officers of the army," approved July 11th, 1870, officers who were held as prisoners or who were in hospital at the date of the *issuing* of their commissions were to be considered as commissioned from the time of the *issuing* of their commissions, and entitled to all pay and emoluments, the same as though present and on duty. I applied to the Adjutant General U. S. A., for re muster, and he decided that it had to appear from record evidence, that an officer had been present on duty with his proper command. Every lawyer who examined the law (including Senator Scott from this State) says that the bill is as plain as the English language can possibly make it. Now, what I wish to inquire is: Can an officer of the government after a bill passes both Houses of Congress, and receives the official signature of the President, go to work and declare such bill null and void? If he can, it seems to me there is not much use of Congress passing any bills, when subordinates of the government have the power to nullify them. I applied with all the proofs and papers necessary to establish my claim, and an adverse decision was rendered. Would you please state what your opinion of the law is?"—We answered a question similar to this in the Weekly of June 15. In the face of the decisions of the War Department, opinions amount to very little. The question will undoubtedly come before Congress in such a way that in time justice will be done the soldier.—The decisions are meant to be just, but in such cases they are undoubtedly unjust, and must be so considered.

Mrs. O. H. SINK, asks for the address of the leading papers devoted to the interests of the so-called Woman Rights party, or to Woman Suffrage.—The following are the leading journals, advocating Woman Suffrage: *Woman's Journal*, Boston; *Woman's Advocate*, Carrollton, Missouri; the *Pioneer*, San Francisco, California; and the *Revolution* and Woodhull & Claflin's *Weekly*, New York.

JOHN J. BROWN, Eldorado, Kansas, submits the following questions:—"1st. How long after America was discovered, was it until there was a permanent settlement made?" 2d. Where was the Alabama armed and equipped? 3d. Where can I obtain a volume of the Nasby Letters? 4th. Is the tune "America" of American origin or of English origin?—1. The question is indefinite. America was discovered, Oct. 12, 1492. The first colony on the main land or the continent was located at San Sebastian in 1510. The first English settlement was made at Roanoke, Virginia, in 1585. The settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, was made in 1607. 2. The Alabama was fitted out in England, and was manned by English subjects. Capt. Semmes was an old American naval officer. 3. Richardson, of Boston, will publish the letters complete this fall. The book, with 30 full-page illustrations by Thomas Nast, will contain all the Nasby Letters, with notes, &c. 4. "America" is the English air of "God Save the King" (now "God Save the Queen"). The melody is said to have been composed in 1605, by John Bull. Others ascribe it to Henry Carey, who died in 1743. Other authors claim that it was sung by the peasantry of southern France for centuries before it was known in England. The song was first published in the *Gentlemans' Magazine* in 1745, and is regarded as the national anthem of England. "America" was first introduced, in this country, as a church tune.

CORRESPONDENT, Cherokee, Iowa, asks:—"What Postmasters are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. 2. What are the principal duties of Consuls **rest** to foreign cities, and are they only sent to **support** towns?"—1. The President appoints all Postmasters, whose salaries amount to more than $1,000. 2.—Consuls are "commercial agents of the Government to reside at seaports belonging to other governments." The ordinary duties of Consuls relate merely to commercial affairs such as the authentication of a ship's papers, receiving and certifying protests of masters of vessels, or other persons respecting losses at sea, and giving Consular certificates for various purposes. They are also expected to take charge of stranded vessels or property belonging to their countrymen, in the absence of the master or other legal representative of the owner, and also to take care of the property of citizens of their respective countries dying within their Consulates. Consuls reside only at seaports. The duties are defined by Congress.

WHILE WAITING FOR A COUGH to go as it came, you are often laying the foundation for some Pulmonary or Bronchial Affection. It is better to get rid of a Cold at once by using that sure remedy, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will cure the most stubborn Cough, and relieve you of all anxiety as to dangerous consequences. Sold everywhere.

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Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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Ohio Republican State Convention.

Gen. Noyes' Nomination for Governor—the Platform.

COLUMBUS, June 21.—Ex-Gov. Wm. Dennison was elected permanent Chairman and E. R. Perkins, Secretary.

THE PLATFORM.

Hon. Martin Welker, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following platform, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, by the Republicans of Ohio, in Convention assembled, as follows:

First—That the Republican party of the United States may well challenge the admiration and confidence of the country, for its patriotism, courage and wisdom in preserving the union of the States; for its justice, firmness and magnanimity in establishing for all the people liberty and equality before the law; for its gratitude and generous provision for the national defenders and prisoners; for its inviolate honor and good faith towards the national creditors, and generally for its successful administration of public affairs in peace as well as in war.

Second—We not only recognize the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States as accomplished facts, but also as just, wise and valid articles of organic law, to be jealously defended and enforced as parts of the Constitution, now, henceforth and forever.

Third—As it will be necessary and desirable to obtain a form of duties on imports, a large portion of the revenue needed to defray the expenses of the government; to pay the interest on the national debt and the principal as it matures; such duties should be so adjusted as not to pejudice, but promote the interest of every section and branch of industry as far as may be possible.

Fourth—The present administration of the National Government has vindicated its right to the continued confidence of the people. Its success, has been illustrated in the impartial executions of the laws, in its faithfulness, honesty and economy in the collection of public revenues, and in the exoenses of the government, so that the whole taxation has been reduced to the extent of one hundred millions of dollars per year. The national debt has been liquidated to the amount of two hundred and thirty million of dollars, a reduction unparalleled in history. The administration has been equally successful in the management of our foreign relations, and has achieved imperishable honor in the settlement of our differences with Great Britain upon terms creditable to both countries, as embodied in the treaty at Washington. The head of an Administration thus distinguished by success and statesmanship, is justly entitled to be regarded as a wise and careful civil magistrate, and his uniform deference to public sentiment, shows him to be one whom the country may trust, having fully redeemed the pledges he made before entering upon the duties as Chief Magistrate, that he would have "no policy of his own to enforce against the will of the people."

Fifth—We repeat our condemnation of the policy of granting subsidies of public lands to corporations and monopolies, and having originated the policy of granting homesteads to actual settlers, we declare that the public domain should be kept for our laboring population.

Sixth—We are in favor of the adoption of a thorough system of civil service reform, and we indorse heartily the action of President Grant in setting the commissions under the recent so-called civil service act.

Seventh—We unite with our fellow citizens in every portion of the Union in the hope that the enmities and resentments of the war may be speedily ended, and that the day may soon come when in every State every citizen may be safe in life, person, property and civil rights, and may have the equal protection of law, so that no man who was loyal to the Union during the great struggle may for that reason be made the victim of protection, outrage and assassination; and so that some encouragement may be offered for the removal, in all proper cases, of the political disabilities imposed for participation in the rebellion.

Eighth—We recommend the calling of a Convention to amend the constitution of the State.

Ninth—We express our unequaled approval of the administration of our present State Executive, Governor R. B. Hayes, and assure him that our verdict is, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Gen. Noyes Nominated—His Address.

Gen. E. Noyes, of Cincinnati, was nominated for Governor by acclamation, amid great enthusiasm.

After a ballot, without result, on Lieutenant Governor, Gen Noyes, who had been waited on by the committee, was introduced amid tumultuous applause, and spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Committee: Permit me to express my sense of obligation and my gratitude for the honor you have done me to-day. Circumstances which it is not necessary to discuss, but entirely disassociated from any peculiar fitness of my own, have made me the standard bearer of the Republican party in the approaching campaign, rather than one of those distinguished men who have been named in that connection, all more experienced in public affairs, better known to the people and abler to conduct the canvass. With much diffidence I accept the post assigned me, relying upon the assistance of the tried and true leaders of the party who have heretofore conducted it to so many victories, upon the intelligence and patriotism of the great mass of our citizens, and above all upon the justice of our cause. This is no time or place for a lengthy discussion of the party issues, but I may be permitted to say that we are not called upon to desert a political organization with such a record as ours, for the last ten years a party which fought to a successful issue and in four years a bloody war, and when honestly and without complaint assumed the heavy burdens which the war entailed rather than tarnish the public honor or weaken the public credit; a party which has given freedom to four millions of slaves, as well as citizenship and suffrage to a whole race by constitutional provisions, valid in fact and binding in law, destined to stand unrepealed forever; a party which has readjusted the distracted relations of the States, and reconstructed the Government as it was before the war, which has reduced the national debt at a rate of more than one hundred millions of dollars a year, and taxation in proportion; which has adopted a policy with the Indians on the frontier so wise and humane as to render a standing army unnecessary; which by the honorable settlement of the Alabama question has removed the last of our difficulties with foreign nations and inaugurated a new epoch in the settlement of international disputes by arbitration; which by home economy and practical good sense, has put us in the lead of the nations in prosperity, wealth and happiness. Shall we desert such an organization as this and pin our faith upon the sleeve of the so-called Democracy, who in this city, three weeks ago, found it necessary, in order to escape the sickening record of its past history, to come to a dead halt, and about face and make a long march to the rear? For one, I stand by our record and have no apologies to make in the coming campaign. The order to our legion shall be, "Forward, guide centre, march!" and instead of turning backward we shall go on to certain victory over a divided, discomfited and disheartened enemy.

Once more allow me thank you for all your kindness to me.

At the close of his speech, Gen. Noyes, who is a one legged soldier, about thirtyl five years of age, was greeted by wonderful cheering.

The Ticket.

The following nominations were also made:

Lieut. Governor, Jacob Mueller, Cuyahoga.
Supreme Judge, Wm. H. West, Logan.
State Treasurer, Isaac R. Welsh, Belmont.
Auditor of State, James Williams, Morgan.
School Commissioner, T. W. Harvey, Lake.
Clerk Supreme Court, Rodney Foos, Clinton.
Member Board of Public Works, S. R. Hosmer, Muskingum.

State Executive Committee.

The following State Executive Committee was appointed: R. D. Harrison, Chairman; Robert Foos, Secretary; George K. Nash, Treasurer; Chas. C. Walcutt, James Williams, and Francis B. Pond.

Just before the adjournment of the Convention, the following dispatch was received and read:

DES MOINES, (Iowa,) June 20.

To the Chairman of the Ohio State Convention:

Iowa sends greeting to the Republicans of Ohio, pledging 40,000 majority for Carpenter, Governor of Iowa in 1871, and for Grant for election for President in 1872.

The following is the reply sent by Governor Dennison:

To the Republicans of Iowa:

The Republicans of Ohio rejoice in the cheering prospects of their brethren in Iowa and assure them that Ohio will in 1871 and 1872 be, as she has ever been, true to the Republican party and its noble principles.

Senator Sherman's Speech.

A large Republican ratification meeting was held at the west front of the State House to-night, which was addressed by Senator Sherman and General Garfield. The former congratulated the Republicans on their work to-day, on the record of their party since its organization, and that they now have in Ohio at least the formal approval of the great distinguishing measures of the Republican policy, by the recent convention of Democratic politicians here in Columbus. They tell us that they recognize as accomplished facts the three amendments to the Constitution, and they pledge themselves to the full and faithful enforcement of the Constitution as it now is, so as to secure equal rights to all persons under it without distinction of race, color or condition. There would be greater cause for rejoicing if we did not see so many reasons for regarding this 'new departure' as a Trojan horse, a new device of the enemy to steal into camp and betray our cause. After giving his reasons at length for believing the 'new departure' to be a device, and ridiculing the Democratic platform, Senator Sherman said they appear eager to depart, but go nowhere. They tell us that they hold to the good old Democratic doctrine of annexation of territory, but are opposed to the acquisition of San Domingo. They pretend to be for hard money, but propose to issue an unlimited amount of greenbacks. They pretend respect for the laws and the courts, but propose to disregard not only the solemn pledges of our loan laws but the decisions of the Supreme Court, in order to cheat the public creditors. They declare their opposition to the National Banking system, but propose nothing to take its place. In their wild and blind opposition they would destroy the best system of currency we ever had, merely because it was established by the Republican party. Though the first commercial nations of the world are applauding it and following our example; though Governor Chase, now one of their candidates, fathered it and supports it; though no man has lost a dollar, as the holder of a National Bank note—yet they would derange all the business of the country by uprooting the system, merely because there is supposed to be a virtue in a party cry against banks. They talk about a revenue tariff and wise tax laws, and yet no member of their party in Congress has ever proposed either, but opposed every measure offered by us. When we repeal eighty millions of taxes, they vote against it. When we advise new guards against fraud, they vote against them. They talk about economy, and yet they vote for a very extravagant expenditure. They would load us down with rebel losses in the war. They seize upon every popular cry—here one thing and there another. In Ohio it is greenbacks; in New York it is specie payment; in Pennsylvania it is protection; here it is a 'new departure;' in the South it is perpetual war against the Amendments and death to the negro; with the Irish it Fenianism; in Kentucky it is the resolutions of '98, slightly revised; with Jeff Davis and his followers it is discord, war and disunion.

The remainder of the Senator's speech was a review of the acts and policies of the Republican party, and he dwelt at length upon the finances of the government.

ALL WOMEN ARE NOT BEAUTIFUL.—But all may have a pretty complexion and a soft skin by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm. Instead of a face covered with coarse Pimples, Sunburn, Moth-patches, &c., she may possess a pearl-like complexion, the envy of her sex, and the admiration of the other. Its effects are wonderful. Nothing so transforms a rustic girl into a city belle as this Balm. It imparts a youthful bloom to the countenance, and really makes a lady of 25 appear but 18. In connection with the Balm, use Lyon's celebrated Kathairon, the oldest, the best and most popular hair dressing in the world. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling off and turning gray. jo8:w4t.

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Thousands suffer from it.—A weak, nervous, exhausted feeling, no energy, animation or vigor, low spirits, confused head, weak memory, nocturnal or involuntary seminal emissions, with loss of power and threatened impotence. The consequence of excesses, overwork or indescretions. This is NERVOUS DEBILITY, and it finds a sovereign remedy in HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC NO. TWENTY-EIGHT. Thousands have been cured by these simple sugar pills. They tone up the system, arrest the discharges, dispel the gloom and mental depression, and rejuvenate the system. Price $5 for a package of five boxes and a vial of powder, which is important in all old long-standing cases, or $1 per single box. Sold by all first-class druggists, and sent to any address on receipt of the price. Addres HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., 562 Broadway, New York. march30wlyr

KING OF THE BLOOD, the most thorough purifier of the blood yet discovered cures all humors, from a common eruption to the worst scrofula. A cure is warranted where the directions are strictly adhered to.

Spring Medicine.—It is an invaluable medicine in the Spring of the year to carry off the accumulations of thick bile from the liver, and viscid secretions from the other glands of the system. One or two bottles will arouse all the functions of the body to healthy action, restore the appetite, clear the brain and carry off those symptoms of languor and heaviness everybody feels, more or less, as warm weather approaches.

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☞ See Advertisement of Dr. BUTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

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....HAZARD & CASEWELL'S Cod Liver Oil is the best. oct27w1y

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Universal Safeguard.

It is useless for State Legislatures to pass laws for the preservation of the public health, if the great law of self-preservation, which depends for its enforcement upon the will of the individual, is suffered to remain a dead letter.

There is scarcely an adult member of the community, of either sex, in the country, who has not seen the testimony in favor of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, furnished over their own signatures by persons of acknowledged eminence in science, literature, art, commerce, and every department of business and professional life. These witnesses have declared in the most explicit terms that the preparation is a safeguard against epidemics, a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia, a valuable anti-bilious medicine, a promoter of appetite, a genial and harmless stimulant, a good acclimating medicine, a strengthener of the nerves, a general invigorant, a protection against the deleterious effects of malaria and impure water, and that it imparts a degree of vigor and activity to the vital forces which is not communicated by any other of the tonics and stomachics in use. Under these circumstances the self-preservative law of nature should teach every rational person who, either by reason of inherent debility or in consequence of exposure to unwholesome influences, is in peril of losing the greatest of all temporal blessings, health, the importance of using the Bitters as a defensive medicine. Dyspeptics who neglect to give it a trial are simply their own enemies. It is guaranteed to cure indigestion in all its forms, and the bilious and nervous will find nothing in the whole range of official and proprietary medicines which will afford them the same relief.

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The Markets.

TOLEDO PRODUCE MARKETS.

TUESDAY MORNING, June 27, 1871.

Flour—The market is quiet without decided change in quotations at $4.50@4.75 for Fine; $5 for Superfine; $5 25@5 50 for Extra; and $6 25@$8 for XX and fancy brands.

Wheat—The past week has been a very active one in our Wheat market. An attempt was made to establish a "Corner" in Amber, and the price was run up to 158c, with a large volume of trade. Near the close of last week, those engaged in running the corner appeared to have relinquished their purpose, and the price declined to 150c; yesterday, there was more animation in spot Amber, and the quotation was higher, closing about 5c above the price given in our last issue, at 152½c spot and seller the month. The market for other grades of Wheat ruled very quiet, and there is very little change to note in prices. We quote: No 1 White Michigan 148c; No 2 White Wabash 150c; No 1 Red 144c; No 2 Red 139@140c.

Corn—The market for this grain has ruled moderately active and prices are ¾@1c higher than one week ago. High mixed 59c; Low-mixed 58c; No Grade 56c; Yellow 60; White 61; Michigan 58¼c.

Oats—About 1¾c higher and very quiet; 57½@58c for No 1 and 53½@54c for No 2.

Rye—Inactive; nominally 96c for No 1.

Potatoes—Market quiet and firm; Peach Blows 100c; other choice varieties, 85c.

Seeds—Nominal; Clover, $6; Timothy, $4; Flax, $1 80@1 85.

Pork—Dull; small sales to retail trade comprise the transactions; $15@$16 for light and heavy mess.

Butter—The market continues to rule dull; fresh is quoted at 17@18c; keg, 15@16c; common, 8@10c.

Lard—There is very little doing outside of the local retail trade and prices are therefore nominal; we quote 10c for prime in bbls and kegs.

Dried Fruits—There is a light demand for both apples and Peaches, the former at 5@5½c, and the latter at 20@22c.

TOLEDO WOOL MARKET.

OFFICE WEEKLY BLADE, TOLEDO, June 27, 1871.

The Wool market has ruled very quiet